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THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1896.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

NOVEMBER 5, 1605.

AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY.

THE Fifth of November guy is very nearly dead. There will probably be little left of him by his three hundredth birthday. His youth and middle age, however, were so unpleasantly vigorous that even the picturesqueness of his old age will hardly cause his demise to be much regretted. After all, three hundred years is a life long enough even for the personification of the Gunpowder Plot. Indeed, that conspiracy was so monstrous in its design, and has done so much injury during two centuries and a half to English Catholics, that it might appear strange that a co-religionist of Guy Faukes should wish to revive interest in the subject. Such, however, is the object of Father Gerard's recently published piece of historical criticism.¹ He has returned to the original authorities and closely examined the old story, which constant repetition has made so familiar and so apparently certain. He has revived the mysterious side of the Plot, and in these days of anarchist and dynamite conspiracy it will be interesting to follow him in his pursuit of truth in dark places.

The book is mainly an attack on the received version of the story, and even if we refuse to believe that the Government had their finger in the plot from the beginning, it must now be admitted that the ordinary story, as told, for instance, by Mr. Gardiner, leaves much that is unexplained and contains much that is contra-

¹ *What was the Gunpowder Plot?* By the Rev. John Gerard, S.J. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

dicted by contemporary evidence ; for the account accepted by modern historians is straightforward enough. It may be read in detail in Lingard, or in Mr. Gardiner's history of the reign of James I. It is essential to recall at least the outlines of the story.

The persecuted English Catholics had long been looking forward to the accession of James as to the beginning of a period of comparative toleration. Gratitude for their devotion to his mother's cause required it, and James had made several half promises to relax at least the penal laws. At first these hopes were not disappointed. Recusancy fines were remitted, the priests were for a time unmolested. The natural effect of this, at a time when many complied with the law merely from the fear of its penalties, was a notable increase in the number of declared Catholics. Frightened by this and influenced by Cecil, an avowed enemy of toleration, James, within a year of his accession, began to slip back into the old ways. He ordered the banishment of priests, and declared in Parliament that he would allow no conversions. During the session of 1604 the Penal Code was strengthened by a fresh Act, and James gave his assent in spite of an earnest and loyal petition from the Catholics. Convinced by these signs that the Elizabethan system was going to be continued, and that persecution had become the permanent fate of Catholics, Robert Catesby and Thomas Percy, two gentlemen of good family, but well practised in intrigues, conceived the desperate plan of blowing up King, Lords, and Commons during the ceremony of the opening of Parliament. In the confusion that would follow it was intended that the Catholics should rise in arms, seize the government, and put an end to the persecution. Catesby revealed his plans to a small knot of men, mostly of his own standing, and amongst others to Guido Faukes, a soldier of fortune, who had been fighting in the Spanish armies in the Netherlands. Percy hired a house close to the Parliament House, and the conspirators started digging a mine. This task proved too difficult, but they were able to hire a 'cellar' immediately under the House of Lords, and here they hid under a pile of faggots over thirty barrels of gunpowder. The number of the conspirators was now raised to thirteen by the addition of Digby, Rokewood, and Tresham. They were wealthy young men, and Catesby drew them into the plot partly on that account, partly in order to form a nucleus for a Catholic rising in the Midlands. The opening of Parliament had been fixed for November 5. It was arranged that Faukes should keep watch over the powder and light the fuse. Meanwhile, Digby

had invited a large number of Catholic gentry to a hunting match at Dunchurch. When the explosion had taken place the company would be urged to rise in arms, seize the Princess Elizabeth, and put her on the throne. Ten days, however, before the opening of Parliament, Mounteagle, a Catholic peer, received a mysterious anonymous letter, warning him not to attend the ceremony. He at once took it to the Council, and a few days later it was shown to the King. James, with almost miraculous insight, divined a gunpowder conspiracy, and ordered the precincts of the Parliament House to be searched. Faukes was seen in the cellar, and late on the night of the 4th of November he was arrested. He readily confessed his intention to blow up King and Parliament, but refused to give up his accomplices. These, however, declared themselves by an attempt at insurrection in Warwickshire. Nobody joined them, and they tried to escape into Wales. Most of their servants deserted, and the remaining conspirators were surrounded at Holbeche, in Staffordshire. Catesby, Percy, and some of the others were shot, and the rest were taken. The history of the plot was drawn from the prisoners little by little, and at the end of January they were tried and executed. Besides these lay conspirators, three Jesuits were charged with a share in the conspiracy, Garnet, Gerard, and Greenway. Garnet, the Provincial, alone was captured. After prolonged examinations he was brought to trial and executed on the 3rd of May.

The effect produced on the popular mind by the discovery of such a plot is not to be wondered at. The means by which the conspirators hoped to gain their end were monstrous almost beyond the imaginations of men, but the folly with which the rest of the revolution was planned is almost as incredible. To suppose that the authors of such a massacre would be quietly allowed to take possession of the government of the country seems to argue in Catesby a wild fanatical ignorance of men and of Englishmen. Yet all authorities agree in attributing to him very considerable abilities, and his actual conduct shows that he was no fool. But every part of the story, when more closely examined, is beset with improbabilities. The Government, for instance, declared that the discovery of the plot was due entirely to the letter of Mounteagle's mysterious correspondent. This is, on the face of it, at least unlikely, considering the efficiency of the Government detective system at this time. It had been organised by Walsingham, and Cecil was not the man to let it rust. He was in constant commu-

nication with spies and informers, and assured a correspondent that all the proceedings of the priests were known to the Government. At this moment he must have been more than usually on the alert, for he admitted having received warnings from abroad. The proceedings of the conspirators, however, were of a kind to attract the attention even of the watch. Parliament House was in the middle of a thickly populated district, with dwelling-houses actually abutting upon it. Some half-dozen men set to work at their mine in a small portion of one of these houses. The work lasted about two months and a half, and during most of this time they were cutting through a foundation-wall nine feet thick. The noise must have attracted attention. When they gave up the mine they took to the 'cellar.' They had not known of its existence before, and imagined that they were working immediately under the House of Lords. A strange oversight, for the so-called cellar was a large ground-floor room, with at least one door opening into a garden and with windows. It extended under the whole length of the House and was used as a lumber room. In this room the conspirators placed over thirty barrels of gunpowder and on top of them five hundred faggots. It has been calculated that there must have been over four tons of powder, and this had to be bought, lodged in Catesby's house in Lambeth, taken across the river to Westminster, hauled up Parliament Stairs in hampers, carried down Parliament Street, placed first in Percy's lodgings and then removed to the cellar, all without arousing suspicion. All the men who carried on these occupations, except Faukes, were already well known to the Government. Catesby, Tresham, and the two Wrights had been arrested in 1596, merely as a measure of precaution. Since then most of them had taken part in the Essex rebellion.

Father Gerard has examined with a like unsatisfactory result other portions of the story. There are several official accounts of the actual discovery and arrest of Faukes; they are at variance with one another. It will, however, be more interesting to turn to the evidence on which the received story is based. The surest information with regard to a crime is usually found in the records of the trial, but here we are met by the judgment of Mr. Jardine, the editor of the 'State Trials,' that 'there is no trial since the time of Henry VIII. in regard of which we are so ignorant as to what actually occurred.' The only extant account is the 'True and Perfect Relation' published by the Government, and, in several cases, where we can check it from other sources, clearly neither

true nor perfect. It is much to be regretted that the other contemporary accounts have all perished. In the trial itself, however, there was no examination of witnesses nor sifting of evidence. It consisted merely in the harangues of the counsel for the prosecution, and in the reading of depositions previously made by the prisoners. These confessions are thus the fundamental and almost sole evidence for the history of the plot till the delivery of Mount-eagle's letter; but their value is much lessened by the manner in which they appear to have been obtained. First, a list of leading questions was drawn up; these the prisoner was required to answer under the threat or application of torture; then a formal confession based on these questions was written out, and presented to the prisoner for his signature. We possess, for example, three documents dealing with Faukes's confession: 1st, An interrogatory drawn up by Coke; 2nd, an unsigned draft of a confession based on the interrogatory and with marginal corrections, some of them by the King; 3rd, the signed confession dated a week after the previous documents, and embodying the corrections made in the draft.

Examination by leading questions is at best untrustworthy, but when torture is used to press the question home, the result may be valuable chiefly as evidence of what the Government wanted the prisoner to say. There can be no manner of doubt that torture was employed, and that with the specific object of forcing the prisoners to give the desired evidence. Cecil wrote himself, 'Most of the prisoners have wilfully forsworn that the priests knew anything in particular, and refuse to accuse them, *yea, what torture soever they be put to.*' Sir Edward Hobart informed a correspondent that 'since Johnson's' (the *alias* of Faukes) 'being in the Tower, he beginneth to speak English; and yet he never was upon a rack, but only by his arms upright.' This refers to the torture of hanging for two or three hours at a time by the arms. It had been applied a few years before to Gerard, and has been vividly described by him in his autobiography. That it should be considered a mild form of torture speaks volumes for the agony of the rack which Faukes had to endure afterwards. The examiners were carrying out the directions of the King: 'the gentler tortours are to be first usid unto him, et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur, and so God speede youre goode worke.'

It has been easy to criticise the received story: it will be much more difficult to establish a rival version. This is to be expected from the very nature of the case. One step, however,

can be taken with confidence. It is all but demonstrable that the Government must have known of the plot for a considerable time before the Mounteagle letter. The exaggerated stress laid upon that letter in all the Government proclamations, and the profuse rewards given to Mounteagle, are by themselves suspicious circumstances, designed like the flourishes of a conjurer to catch the eye and distract the attention. Goodman, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, treats the whole discovery as a cleverly arranged dramatic episode :

‘ This letter my Lord Mounteagle did instantly impart to the Secretary ; the Secretary did instantly acquaint the King and some of the Council therewith ; the King must have the honour to interpret it, that it was by gunpowder ; and the very night before the Parliament began it was discovered, to make the matter more odious and the deliverance more miraculous. No less than the Lord Chamberlain must search for it and discover it, and Faux with his dark lantern must be apprehended.’

To give conspirators rope in order to get the noose round more necks is, however, a piece of quite elementary policecraft. He would be a very scrupulous critic who should find fault with Cecil for letting the plot develop itself. Father Gerard, however, ventures to make a very much more serious accusation ; he thinks it not improbable that Cecil, or one of his agents, may have set the whole conspiracy going in order to incriminate the Catholics. The charge is a grave one, and is not likely to be admitted without more conclusive proof than can now be obtained. But it is not a new charge ; it was often heard of at the time, and has been repeated since by Protestants as well as Catholics. In proportion as political methods have become more open and honest, the accusation has become more and more discredited. To-day it sounds little short of preposterous, but contemporaries did not think it so strange. People noticed the curious fact that both the ring-leaders, Catesby and Percy, should have been killed when they could easily have been taken alive. Their evidence would have been far more valuable than that of a Faukes or a Winter. Apart from all conjectures, there is definite documentary evidence that the Government was employing a spy, who had offered to ‘ set ’ over three score priests, and had supplied him with a list of those whom it especially wanted to get hold of. But we have got into deep water. Those only who have made a special study of the plots of the reign of Elizabeth, and of the methods of the secret police, are fair judges on this matter. Till that study has been made, the question must remain an open one.

We are on safer ground when we look for the motives Cecil may have had, if not in setting the plot, at least in making the most of the handiwork of others. Cecil was not a man of ideas; his strength lay in the patience and steadiness of his administration, but throughout his life he held firmly to his policy of intolerance. He was intolerant both of Catholic and Puritan, but especially of the former, for his special complaint against the Puritans was that they 'gave impediment to that great and goodly work, towards which all honest men are bound to yield their best means, namely, to suppress idolatry and Romish superstition in all his Majesty's dominions.' He was determined to carry on the old policy of Elizabeth in spite of the change of reign and dynasty. 'I shall be much less than I am,' he declared, 'or rather nothing at all, before I shall ever become an instrument of such a miserable change' as the introduction of toleration. James had very different inclinations; he would have liked to issue his Edict of Nantes, and was by nature averse to persecution for religion's sake. Cecil reverted to his father's argument, that Catholics were persecuted not for their religion but as traitors—this is always the persecutor's plea, from the Roman emperors till very modern times—and nothing could be more to the point than a Catholic plot. But that it should have this effect some representative Catholics must be implicated in it. The ridiculous little Dunchurch insurrection had failed to attract any of the gentry of the neighbourhood; the only course left was to extract some evidence from the prisoners: in Mr. Gardiner's words, 'the great object of the Government now was to obtain evidence against the priests.' The names of the three Jesuits were after a time obtained, Garnet, Gerard, and Greenway. These men were the link between the Plot and the Catholic body in general, for Garnet was the head and Gerard one of the most prominent members of the Jesuit community in England. They were perhaps the two most influential priests in the country. If they were innocent the Plot, at its worst, was the mad crime of irresponsible men. If they were guilty it assumed an almost official character.

The innocence of Gerard is now generally admitted. His connection with the conspiracy had been quite accidental. After taking an oath of secrecy, Catesby and his companions had gone to another room and received Holy Communion at Gerard's hands. Faukes, who related this incident in his confession, had added, 'Gerard was not acquainted with their purpose.' When Coke was

preparing this confession for the trial, he directed that this last sentence should be left out. A little 'huc usque' in his handwriting can still be seen on the margin of the document at this point.

The charge against Greenway rests mainly on the confession of Bates, Catesby's servant. The original has disappeared, but the copy which we possess was not improbably the one used at Garnet's trial. It states that the deponent went to confession to Greenway, revealed the plot to him, and was told to obey his master, 'because it was for a good cause.' Father Gerard, the historian, not the contemporary, of the Plot, shows excellent reason to suppose that the original confession merely stated that the deponent had been to confession to Greenway, and that the rest is Government embroidery. It is at least curious that the confession should be quoted in a contemporary account of Garnet's trial, with the only part that was really incriminating left out. Further, we know that Catesby had persuaded the others that there was no doubt about the lawfulness of their design and that they need not mention it in confession. It is only fair to add that Bates must at some time or other have made some admission about Greenway, for he wrote to Gerard to express his sorrow for this. He had done it not out of malice, but in hope to gain his life by it.

Garnet, the only one of the three that the Government succeeded in capturing, long baffled the attempts of the prosecution to prove him implicated in the plot. At last he was given the chance of speaking with a fellow-prisoner, Oldcorne, in apparent privacy. He took the opportunity to make his confession. Two Government agents, however, were concealed where they could hear all that passed. Garnet was now confronted with the evidence so obtained, and made a full declaration of his relations with the conspirators. He admitted having received vague intimations that some violence was threatened. Catesby had insinuated that he had something in hand. Garnet had expressed his disapproval of this, and shown him the Pope's letter urging the Catholics in England to be peaceable. All his direct knowledge of the Plot had been obtained in confession. Catesby had spoken of the Plot to Greenway under the seal, and Greenway had consulted him. Garnet then went on to admit that he had failed in his duty in not revealing to the Government his vague knowledge that something was astir. The Government were unable to convict him of more than this, and for this he was executed. Legally, no doubt, a plea based on the inviolability of the seal of confession

was worthless, but the Government felt so strongly its moral force that in the indictment they omitted the one fact that could prove their case. This is not the occasion to discuss the question of the inviolability of the seal of confession. But Garnet's duty, in the light of the almost universal teaching of theologians, was absolutely clear. He was bound to treat that knowledge as though it did not exist, and allow it to have no effect on his outward conduct. The fact that he possessed such knowledge may have even made him scrupulous about revealing what he knew vaguely about the Plot, lest he should unwittingly say too much.

A more difficult question still is that of the doctrine of 'equivocation.' The word has a false ring about it to English ears, and Garnet was led into admissions on this subject which did him irreparable harm. Few Englishmen have ever ventured to state the cases when a 'lie' becomes justifiable or even obligatory; but the persecution constantly put Catholics into awkward straits. Any one was liable to be required to incriminate either himself or another; a zealous Catholic could not pass many days without breaking the law. The doctrine of equivocation dealt with such cases, and, in its main application, it laid down that a man might deny that he or another had committed an act which was in itself lawful, but which, owing to the penal laws, rendered him liable to grave injury. The whole question illustrates one of the dangers to which a persecuted class are liable. No priest could work or even live in England without constant recourse to disguise and deception, an unwholesome atmosphere at the best. But though Garnet might profess the doctrine of equivocation, that did not prove him guilty of treason. Mr. Gardiner observes 'that there was nothing to make any one believe in his innocence except his own assertions,' but it might be urged with equal truth that there was no evidence on which he could be convicted, except his own confession of his conversation with Greenway.

It is hardly necessary to relate the consequences of the Gunpowder Treason; they are but too well known. The Government persisted in ignoring all the protestations of the Catholics, and in making the whole body responsible. All hope of toleration passed away for several generations; a fresh statute was added to the penal code. But worst of all was the effect produced on public opinion. A contemporary writer declared that 'this bloodstain and mark will never be washed out of the Popish religion.' For many years the prophecy seemed too true. Seventy years later

nothing contributed so much to the popular belief in Oates's plot as the memories of the Gunpowder Treason. Horror at the Plot, as well as the rise of Puritanism, produced that combination of hatred and fear which overwhelmed the Catholics during the seventeenth century. 'The common people,' says Bishop Goodman, 'did hate them beyond measure; for they must ever have an object to their hate. Heretofore the Welsh, the Scots, or the Spaniards, and the French upon occasion, but now in these later times only the Papists.'

It is usual to preface an account of the Gunpowder Plot by a short sketch of the Penal Laws. Those laws were very severe on the clergy, very oppressive to the laity. They were, no doubt, largely responsible for the state of mind of the men who intended to blow up King and Parliament. But an explanation is not an excuse. No persecution can, of course, justify retaliation. Probably Guy Faukes and his fellows, like the Phoenix Park murderers, beguiled their consciences with the fiction that they were at war with the State that refused them the rights of citizens, and that in war every means is lawful.

The traditional feeling with regard to the Gunpowder Plot was naturally horror and thankfulness combined; but in this short account of it the attempt has been made, with the help of Father Gerard's little book, to examine the conduct of the Government, for indignation at the unfair use that was made of the Plot is apt to overshadow no doubt unduly, with a Roman Catholic, the heinousness of the Plot itself. He will naturally feel very strongly the wish to remove from the Catholics of those days the reproach of disloyalty and treason. When that reproach has been removed it would perhaps be well to close up for good the record of those persecutions in which both Catholics and Protestants have had their share, to honour those who suffered for conscience sake, but not to attempt to bring to the light of day the dark intrigues and dismal statecraft of the time. On the one hand, Catholics have more than expiated the crimes and follies which a few of their number have been guilty of; on the other, the days of persecution are well past, and Catholics are honoured in the land.

A November guy has little of the dignity of a symbol, yet to most Englishmen he has long been a representative of 'No Popery'; to others he has seemed the grotesque embodiment of a great calumny. But he has survived those heroic days. He is quite a mild old gentleman now, and there is very little symbolism left.

F. URQUHART.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

THERE is every reason to believe that Disraeli was proud, truly proud, of his Eastern origin, though keenly sensible of its drawbacks to his career. He had no narrow views. It was his distinction, and that which, after giving him up to the derision of so many wise but shortsighted persons in his younger days, convinced them of his superiority at last—that he looked far and wide upon everything that concerned him or that he took serious account of. Nothing concerned him more than his own place in the world—which, be it said, is not the same thing as what other people thought it. Not that he was indifferent at any time in his life as to the estimation in which he was held, though that feeling often appeared among his many affectations. He loved applause, but to be self-satisfied with what he actually was concerned him much the most. When, therefore, he looked back upon his origin, we may depend that Disraeli's vision was not bounded by the Promised Land. It embraced the whole historic East. Descendant of a Semitic tribe, he was a Jew and thoroughly a Jew. In belonging to that people he could find glory enough and to spare, as he made out with a conviction that would have been immensely comforting to his grandmother could she have read him on the subject. He might believe, too, against no violent contradiction, that his family was of those which came out of a yet unruined Palestine in times of old, to join one of the Jewish colonies established at various points along the shores of the Mediterranean. To come off before the humiliation of the dispersal would be an added distinction, and one that no man would appreciate better than Disraeli; though we do not know that he did throw his Spanish ancestry so far back, except in a dream of the possible. With confirmation of the dream, the pride of his Jewish birth would have been surrounded with a broader glory. Even as it is, he makes it clear that, though of the children of Israel in particular, he took for inheritance the antiquity, mystery, and splendour of the whole Semitic East.

A carefully nursed consciousness of this possession was a great stand-by to Disraeli in circumstances which—she being aware of nothing of the kind—made his grandmother's life miserable and

herself barely endurable. Disraeli relates that his grandfather—luckily ‘a man of ardent character, sanguine, courageous, and fortunate, with a temper which no disappointment could disturb’—married a beautiful woman of his own race, who hated it because it was despised. For the times, her husband was rich; his wealth stimulated in her that excessive craving to figure in society which has since become epidemic; but for the Mrs. Disraelis of those days there was no indulgence of the craving without the constant fret of petty insult. Benjamin, her son’s son, was born in her time, and there was a remarkable prophetic casting of his horoscope; but that was not done in his childhood. No forecast revealed her as the grandam of a Prime Minister more nearly the friend of his Sovereign than any other of his day; and, suffering much, she shed her resentment where, as it seemed to her, the blame naturally lay. It was not with those who slighted her. The blood of her own people and her own household was to blame unforgivingly; and thenceforth her husband had to make himself as happy as he could, ‘notwithstanding a wife who never pardoned him his name.’ Her son Isaac seems to have been equally displeasing to her on the same account; and the Earl himself says that ‘she lived to eighty without indulging a tender expression.’

It is in human nature to doubt whether the lady would not have explained her moroseness differently. Characteristics are believed to skip a generation oftener than not; and considering that she is described as a beautiful woman of ‘strong intellect,’ she is conceivable as animated by all her grandson’s imperious desire to move up in the world, and baffled by something more obstructive than mere indifference in the Benjamin who was her husband. Her son Isaac’s particular offences were lack of energy, slovenliness, ‘dreamy, wandering eyes,’ hatred of business, and the imagination that runs to the writing of poetry. Father and mother were equally annoyed at this—the one puzzled, the other provoked. Remitted to the discipline of a Dutch counting-house, Isaac came home quite unregenerate, and with all a poetical young man’s anticipation of welcome. But as for the mother of this only son, ‘when he entered, his strange appearance, his gaunt figure, his long hair, and his unfashionable costume only filled her with a sentiment of tender aversion. She broke into derisive laughter, and, noticing his intolerable garments, reluctantly lent him her cheek.’ His unfashionable costume! Either these are constructive touches of her grandson’s

imagination (which ran a good deal upon apparel), or else we have here additional grounds for thinking that the intellectual, emulous, socially ambitious woman whom Lord Beaconsfield almost puts out of his family, was more truly his own mother than was the gentle wife of the gentle Isaac.

It would be something to discover any of the ordinary foundations for Disraeli's character; and even a grandmother like this *is* something to rest upon in the long flight which he compels us to take into the vague generalities of Eastern ancestry. There is a common belief, with no lack of evidence in its favour, that very early in life Disraeli laid out a plan of conduct that should serve him at every stage of the career for himself predestined. It would be nearer the truth, perhaps, and yet come to much the same thing, that his confidence in a great career was attended early in life by the extraordinary vision which was his first quality as a statesman; so that while confidence showed him the goal, circumspection, no more at fault than confidence, marked out the better ways of arriving at it. But this is hardly to be called planning. Call it rather perception and obedience to its leading, which is a simpler thing and much more natural to geniuses. Though carried out with an infinity of particulars, Disraeli's supposed plan began and ended with the shrouding of his mind and character in mystery: but a mystery that constantly piqued observation, constantly provoked curiosity and as often baffled it. In this way he fastened a peculiarity of attention upon himself at twenty-two that lasted all his life. It was never exhausted, nor is it exhausted yet. Hardly less is his memory preserved by speculation on a strange character and a strange career, than by a constant development of events that makes him wonderful. For this becomes plain: speeches that were received as far-fetched fancies, only meant to flash and startle, were prophecies soberly uttered where they were not understood.

For my part, I have a belief that whatever his assumption of characteristics, the fundamentals of Disraeli's character were simple; that it was a character not more but less complex than that of most men of mind. This again I should account for, partly, by his possessing an unusually distinct acquaintance with its constituents, and extraordinary control over them severally. By these gifts, which make saints of the religious and organise victory for ambition, Disraeli was able to suppress instincts and to subordinate qualities which were least serviceable to him, thereby

strengthening by further simplifying the machine. It is natural to think ill of this process when it is employed not for saintliness but for ambition; and yet there may be as much good as harm in it, or even more. All depends upon the man and the mind. In Disraeli's case both are dark; but, adventurer though he was called, there is no reason to believe that he sacrificed much that he ought to have cherished for the sake of a great career, while he certainly chastened feelings and curbed impulses other than good for that same sake. With high views of a great career, studious conformity to them demanded the suppression of ignoble indulgences. He suppressed them. To speak of one by way of example, he could hate deeply and not nobly. Vindictiveness lived in him—subdued. But forgiveness, made a rule of life, became at least as much a habit as a rule; and one well-observed prohibition in his scheme of conduct was never to strike at a little man.

On the other hand, it is a charge against Disraeli that he had no affections, and was either born without or had conveniently suppressed *them*. And, indeed, of grand passions, so much to be expected of genius, no one has yet traced any indulgence. There were rumours, but vague and uncertain even to Sir William Fraser, who had a great acquaintance with the subject as well as with Disraeli himself, about whom and his day he wrote an entertaining book of gossip. Insensibility or discipline? Probably discipline, it is thought; but whether discipline or insensibility, it was not confined to grand passions, but even included the safer ground of friendship. Here, too, however, the inquirer must go carefully, would he find the truth and be just. Besides Mr. Froude, others see in the novelist's picture of Sidonia many traits drawn from his own character. 'Though affable and generous, it was impossible to penetrate him; though unreserved in his manners, his frankness was limited to the surface. He observed everything, thought ever, and avoided discussion. If you pressed him for an opinion he took refuge in raillery, and threw out some grave paradox with which it was not easy to cope.' Truly recognisable as Disraeli himself; yet, except in one particular, this cannot be taken as an account of his character, but only of the well-studied policy of intercourse which served to keep him mysterious. We feel that we are led nearer to the centre when it is further said of Sidonia: 'He might have discovered a spring of happiness in the sensibilities of the heart; but this was a sealed fountain to him. In his organisation there was a peculiarity,

perhaps a great deficiency: he was a man without affection. . . . He was susceptible of emotions, but not for individuals.'¹

This is explicit; but, as suggestive of Disraeli himself, its concluding statement may be suspected of wilful distortion. The 'sealed fountain' and all it signifies may pass. But as for the rest, we are at liberty to suppose it mere Byronic affectation, of which there was plenty in those days. That the range of Disraeli's affections was limited is true; but for that there are obvious explanations, apart from defect of sympathy in himself or the policy of maintaining an impenetrable character. Within their narrow bound, his affections were deep and tender; all that is known of his domestic relations testifies to that. As for his friendships, no doubt they were what they are generally imagined—very few indeed. Many and intimate friendships would have been fatal to his scheme of life, though it need not be supposed that he thought them any sacrifice. In all likelihood, the only idea that such intimacies ever presented to his mind was that of intolerable invasion. Yet, if his life is ever written as it might be—the material is at hand and the scribe above ground—the world will learn, I think, that Disraeli's few friendships were most warm and most affectionate. But there will be no complete portrait of Disraeli yet awhile. All thought of publishing his life or any of his papers in this century was abandoned long ago by him who, with most authority for the task, is by far the most competent to its performance. The enormous mass of Lord Beaconsfield's papers, and the finished state of confusion in which they were left, may have had something to do with a decision taken on higher grounds. I have heard that he seems to have destroyed nothing like a letter, nothing in the least documentary, that ever came into his hands.

Where so much is in doubt and so little known, it may be useful to take from my own recollections a scene quite unconfirmatory of the notion that Disraeli was without personal affection. There is some historical interest in the story, too.

Colonel Home, though little known to the public, was an engineer officer of great distinction. It was he who, going before Lord Wolseley in Ashantee-land to cut jungle paths, bridge tor-

¹ Disraeli pictures Sidonia regaling on the crust of a home-made loaf, with champagne. I remember hearing, on a great House of Commons occasion, that Disraeli had fortified himself, just before speaking, with a French roll broken into a pint of champagne, and eaten from a soup-plate.

rents, and be lost sometimes for days in situations of extreme peril, did much more for the success of the expedition than was ever acknowledged, except by some whose voices were weak and did not carry far enough. But Mr. Disraeli knew his worth, rating it none the less highly, perhaps, because it was an independent discovery of his own. At some time during the Russo-Turkish war, when it seemed not unlikely that accident or policy would throw England into the conflict, the Prime Minister sent for Home and his maps. The intention explains itself. It was thoroughly characteristic of Disraeli to make a quiet study of what could be done, putting himself under skilful guidance not too highly placed. What he desired was a free range of inquiry with a chance of new lights, and not the settled dicta of authoritative personages, which could be had at any time on a sheet of foolscap. Home came; together they sat down to the maps; and, said Mr. Disraeli on the occasion I am about to tell of, 'I soon found that I had in hand a man of extraordinary character and capacity.' Counted by years, it could not have been long after this that Colonel Home died.

It happened that next day I was to see Mr. Disraeli at that haunted house, No. 10 Downing Street. On admission to him (it was a very early morning call) I found him bending over the 'Times,' which was spread upon the table where he stood, and I think had that moment been opened. Without looking up his first word was, 'You have seen the bad news?' The voice was so agitated—his, Mr. Disraeli's—that I wondered for an instant what national calamity I had overlooked and was now to hear of. 'You know that Home is gone?' he added, and then in the same unexpected voice broke into many expressions of affectionate admiration. The word that struck me most was, 'I destined him to great command!' So speaking, he sat down by the fire-side as if quite overcome. There he was silent, and the silence was such that for a time I did not like to look in his direction. When I did so, I saw that the hands extended on his knees were flapping up and down from the wrist in a well-known movement of distress, and that tears were rolling down the awful ruin which even in those days his face had become. Yet it was an absolutely impassive face at that moment still. His tears were the only signs of emotion on it: rain upon the grey defaced features of the Sphinx.

There are who maintain that Disraeli was always an actor;

and an actor he certainly was in one way or another in nearly every situation. Yet the most inveterate detraction will stumble at the fancy that, at half-past ten o'clock in the morning, he could put himself in the posture above described for the sake of imposing on a single observer; and that, too, a person so inconsiderable as the visitor I speak of. But if there was no affectation here, we cannot believe that Disraeli was born with 'the great deficiency, perhaps,' that distinguished Sidonia. It was the absence of affection that was affected.

Possibly, however—though this is guess-work—Colonel Home's death, suddenly brought to Disraeli's knowledge, as suddenly revived the shock of one of the worst of his political vexations; and though we are told that even his greatest disappointments were never shown in his demeanour, the revival may have heightened his feeling on this occasion. I have mentioned Colonel Home's connection with Disraeli's policy of intervention in the Russo-Turkish war; a policy suggested by considerations now proved to be sound. As if remembering his exclamation, 'I destined him to great command,' he presently went on to tell me about his discovery of Home's genius, and how it was put to use. The result of the study of the maps was that Home went quietly into Asia Minor, and there worked out a plan of operations in complete detail. And here, probably, the origin of Disraeli's acquisition of Cyprus comes into view; for the base of these operations was laid at Iscanderoun, immediately opposite the most easterly point of Cyprus. This was to be the port of debarkation, and the British forces were to take their main position along the Asian shore of the Bosphorus. Carefully going over the ground, Home marked out the better points of advance, occupation, fortification—completing as nearly as could be the whole plan of campaign; in which he was to have been assigned a great part, it seems. But, as we know, Mr. Disraeli's colleagues forbade his policy of action, and he always lamented its defeat. Just as he maintained, at the time and after, that there would have been no Crimean War had not the English Government convinced the Czar that it was in the hands of the peace party, so now he believed that a bold policy would prevent or limit the conflict, and remove consequences the full development of which we are witnessing to-day. He foresaw these consequences then. They were and are the justification of his policy. But of course he would have been laughed at from one end of the kingdom to the other had he given

public utterance to his anticipations. At the time of which I write his griefs on this head were still green, and, for once at any rate, he made no concealment of them. When he had done speaking of Home and his work in Asia, he said, 'But then'—(flinging out his hands)—'you know what happened. My colleagues would not have it. What you don't know is that at last I was so much alone that I had but one voice with me in the Cabinet.' Yes, like various other persons I did know something of what went on in that unhappy Government; but—one voice alone! Much I wished to ask whose voice that was, though of course the question was impossible.

If Disraeli's affectations, and the extravagance of his attire in his budding days, are made so large a part of his private history, it is probably because he *meant* them so much, and because they really are clues of a sort to a very baffling character. Mr. Froude is sure that, with his black satin shirts and the like, 'his dress was purposed affectation. It led the listener to look for only folly from him, and when a brilliant flash broke out it was the more startling as being utterly unlooked for from such a figure.' But the truth is better put, I fancy, when Mr. Froude says that Disraeli's foppery was 'more than half assumed.' It was purposed affectation for the greater part, but yet based upon an unaffected delight in personal gauds, upon a taste which was imperfectly aware of its worst offences, and yet more upon the entirely alien character of his mind. It was not only to startle and impress the world that the young Disraeli paraded his eccentricities of splendour. His family also had to be impressed by them. It was to his sober father, Isaac D'Israeli, that he wrote when on his travels (he was then a man of twenty-six): 'I like a sailor's life much, though it spoils the toilette.' It is in a letter from Gibraltar to the same hand that we read of his two canes—'a morning and an evening cane.' 'I change my cane as the gun fires, and hope to carry them both on to Cairo. It is wonderful what effect these magical wands produce. I owe to them more attention than to being the supposed author of—what is it?—I forget.' Who but the same correspondent (himself unimaginable in a binding unlike that of his folios in old brown calf)—who but his father must be told that 'Ralph's handkerchief, which he brought me from Paris, is the most successful thing I ever wore;' or of the costume—part English, part Spanish, part 'fancy'—which had so

'wonderful an effect on the people of Janina'? The Grand Vizier himself remarked and evidently coveted it. Curious, that while Disraeli is revelling in these and similar glories he can call Bulwer 'sumptuous and fantastic.'

These are only a few of many signs, repeated over a long stretch of years, that though Disraeli's bizarre attire was a calculated means of attention, it pleased something in his remarkably sane mind at the same time. Towards the end of his life, indeed, he scornfully denied the black satin shirts, the lace ruffles, the diamond rings over white kid gloves, as stupid and ridiculous inventions: he did so in a letter addressed to the writer of these pages. But Lady Dufferin's account of his array when she first met him is not the only one of its nearly incredible kind; and Lord Dalling (Sir Henry Bulwer) told me of a really memorable little dinner-party which is more illustrative of this high matter than any of them: wherefore it is repeated here, though I told the forgotten tale some years ago. As everybody has read, one of Disraeli's first friends in the world of genius and fashion was Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. 'And,' said Lord Dalling, 'we heard so much at that time of Edward's amazingly brilliant new friend that we were the more disinclined to make his acquaintance.' At length, however, Sir Edward got up a little dinner-party to convince his doubters. It was to meet at the early hour of those days at one of the Piccadilly hotels. 'There was my brother, Alexander Cockburn, myself, and (I think) Milnes; but, for a considerable time, no Mr. Disraeli. Waiting for Mr. Disraeli did not enhance the pleasure of meeting him; nor when he did come did his appearance predispose us in his favour. He wore green velvet trousers, a canary-coloured waistcoat, low shoes with silver buckles, lace at his wrists, and his hair in ringlets.' I forget how the coat was described, but it was no ordinary coat. 'We sat down. Not one of us was more than five-and-twenty years old. We were all—if you will allow me to include myself—all on the road to distinction, all clever, all ambitious, and all with a perfect conceit of ourselves. Yet, if on leaving the table we had been severally taken aside and asked which was the cleverest of the party, there would have been only one answer. We should have been obliged to say, "The man in the green velvet trousers."'

Here we see the 'purposed affectation' staged and working out in one complete display; and, with extraordinary difficulties at the beginning, an astonishing triumph at the end. The social

prejudices that Disraeli had to fight against were represented at their sharpest ; his own deliberate provocation of them could never have been more daring ; and a company of young men less likely to admit any superiority in a wit of their own years was not to be got together perhaps. Yet the thing was done clean out, at a sitting.

In considering what Disraeli was, rather than what he did, the more noticeable thing in all this is not the success but the attempt ; I mean the method of the attempt. We see here the earliest manifestation—in its drawbacks, to be sure—of what gave Disraeli his distinction over every other statesman of his time. England was his country ; he was earnest for its good and its renown ; but he was un-English quite. Bred in England, where all his associations were, he was in mind and intellect completely alien ; and therefore his calculated surprises overshot the mark in a way and to a degree that he was insensible of. Those congenial affectations of his were pushed to an extreme in order to ‘make an impression’—to fix attention on himself as a self-steering, self-confident, challenging potentiality ; but, as I have said before, he could not have gone to such lengths if he had owned any share in the peculiar sensibilities and prepossessions of those amongst whom he was making way. Had he been more of a Briton, he would have shrunk from an experiment which might possibly profit him, but at a cost too dreadful for British contemplation : ridicule when his back was turned. At the least, his English sensibilities would have warned him of the overmuch, arresting the experiment at some distance short of the excess which did him much more of lasting harm than temporary good. The tradition of these absurdities never ceased to colour the general conception of him. Nor did he ever quite rid himself of the mistake. Late in life, on the famous occasion when he declared himself ‘on the side of the angels,’ he dropped in upon a grave diocesan assembly at Oxford in a black velvet shooting-jacket and with a ‘wide-awake’ hat.

Here was purposed affectation quite on the original plan. Other varieties of it seemed to have no object in the world except mystification ; and not always, by any means, was the mystifying to his own glory. His constant practice of alliteration and his professed contempt for it can be explained, but hardly such bewildering contradictions as he sometimes launched with an evident intention of having them talked about. Of such was the

story that went the round of the gossip-journals lately (with half the point omitted), of two emphatic and diametrically opposite judgments on English art—the one publicly delivered at a Royal Academy dinner, the other addressed fifteen minutes afterwards to Mr. Browning, with the first speech still in his ears. In that speech, what struck Mr. Disraeli most when he looked upon those walls was the abounding invention, the exuberance of fancy, displayed in the works which adorned them. In the other, what struck Mr. Disraeli most when he looked upon those walls was the paucity of invention, the barrenness of fancy, which—&c. When the poet told this tale to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone said with manifest conviction, ‘Mr. Browning, I call that hellish!’ What I myself like less, is the last piece of affectation that Disraeli practised in the House of Commons. For it was his last night in that House; and Sir William Fraser tells us that on this evening he was believed to be *really* asleep in his place. Not he.

The striking thing is that within these fantastic maskings and disguisings a strong, sober will, a mind thoroughly masculine, was carrying him steadily along the path marked out by his ambition from the age of eighteen. Marked out in detail, we might almost say. Except for his Jewish birth, which nevertheless was everything to him, Disraeli had no such difficulties to surmount as are commonly imagined. Though his social position was not eminent, it was high enough to make a fair start from; his father had some distinction, and the friendship of men more distinguished than himself; and, not least, Disraeli is said to have had in his sister Sara—a woman of fine intellect and strong character—a wise, sympathetic, and devoted counsellor. His great lack was the lack of means; which also he seems to have understood and reckoned with at an early age, and not at all in the usual way of ambitious boys. ‘I may commit many follies in life,’ he wrote to his sister, ‘but I never intend to marry for love, which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity.’ The terms of this exclamation show that we need not give much importance to it; but there is good reason for thinking that its lightness sprang from a solid conception of what would least suit Benjamin Disraeli as a married man. Even the delights of a love-match are disturbances, distractions; and the hurly-burly of a small fashionable establishment would have been ruin to his course of life as he conceived it.

Understanding himself with a more fortunate knowledge than that which experience pays for, he felt that in the matrimony market, as elsewhere, money might be had too dear. With his considerable expenses, his small income, and—soon—the worry of debts which he could no more shirk than wipe off by shady means, we may suppose that the young Disraeli always looked to marriage to supply a safe footing for his career. The heroes of his political novels, it has been remarked, are usually made to owe their first success to wealthy marriages; his own was to be the sort of marriage which in fact he did contract. It was not a romantic union. He was then thirty-five, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis past her fiftieth year; but nothing is better known of Disraeli than that this marriage, which at once eased the debt-load and secured to him the money-means of holding his place in Parliament, was most fortunate. For him it was in all ways the very thing, and that it was so is no small help to understanding him; while as to his devoted wife, it made her literally, I do believe, the proudest woman in England.

Though the good fortune of meeting Lady Beaconsfield was mine only once, I have a strong remembrance of her. It was in the year she died; but she had then, at eighty years old, very evident remains of the vivacity which Disraeli marked when he first met her in 1832. 'I was introduced, by particular desire, to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle; indeed gifted with a volubility which I should think unequalled.' Seen at a distance, in a dimly lighted room, what first struck me about the small, dark, quick-eyed figure was the strangeness of its attire—homage, it might have been, to her Dizzy's early tastes. What I suppose should be called the bodice of her gown was a sort of dark crimson or bright claret-coloured velvet tunic (but like nothing else that I have ever seen), going high in the neck, and with what I took for an Order of some kind fastened upon the left breast. This unusual decoration was puzzling till, on being taken up to her, I saw that it was a framed oval miniature of her husband: probably 'by Ross.' This was *her* decoration, pinned on the breast in exactly the right place. Other remembrances I have of this memorable lady, but the first and the last are the best. On leaving the house where I had the pleasure of meeting her, I noticed, in the hall, that she was in difficulties with the strings of a fur mantle, which with gloved hands she was trying to tie at the throat. Hesitating, I ventured an offer of service

when the strings seemed to have escaped altogether; and, by way of saying something while my tying was going on, I spoke of the acclamations which had lately been showered on Mr. Disraeli at Manchester, of all places. A really great event his reception there was. Entirely unexpected, it was the first clear and undoubtable sign that Disraeli's day had dawned. At the first word about Manchester, Lady Beaconsfield's hands went up to arrest the tying, and straightway she began to tell of Dizzy's triumphs with a precipitation, a joyful eagerness and sparkle that spoke more of eighteen than of eighty. Here were the affection and the volubility together, both untired.

From that day I could believe nearly all the dinner-table stories of her devotion, and her admiration; even this. She was one evening in the company of some ladies when the conversation wandered into a talk of fine figures: Mr. A.'s, Mr. B.'s, Captain C.'s. The old lady let them run on, and then said pityingly, 'Ah! You should see my Dizzy in his bath!'

Fortunately for me, Lord Beaconsfield's political character can be touched upon without entering on the details of his political career; and, fortunately for him, the whole tenor of affairs, both at home and abroad, proclaims more loudly every day his foresight and sagacity. Adventurer, charlatan, mountebank—he had to go for years under that reputation, which condensed the prevalent opinion of him for a quarter of a century at least. It lingers still, and probably for the old reason—the naturalness of reading the self-confidence, foppery, theatricalism, which we do understand, into the serious display of policy which is beyond us. Quite natural, but a mistake and a misfortune. In fact, the theatricalism never touched the wisdom. They might have been set apart then, as now we no longer confound them; and as soon as we agree to do so, Disraeli's political judgment appears at once in a clearer because an unmixed light.

Yet whether we of the present time may credit ourselves with a finer and more just discrimination is doubtful. Rather does it seem a forced discernment. It is not so much that we open our eyes to Disraeli's superior wisdom as that the manifestation of his wisdom by events opens our eyes to it. The process began in his own day; as when at Manchester, in 1872, a great bundle of political errors and conceits which he had been called Romancer for despising were publicly burnt before him in the streets. With

some checks, not from judgment but from passion, the same process of enlightenment has been going on ever since, and by the same agency. It is done by the development of events. Time and trial continue to show that what were called Dizzy's pretentious absurdities, his antiquated romancings, his fantastic anticipations, were in fact sound reasoning and precise forecast. These later years are crowded with proof that he was most right when the dominant opinion of his day decided that he was most wrong. Take these various illustrations: the foreseen decay of what, for the best of reasons (those that go deepest), he believed to be England's most solid, wholesome, and necessary industry; his rejection of the political economy of his time (now given up by the economists themselves), his discernment of the fatal absence from it of 'the human element,' and his refusal to accept the economists' dictum without reference to political considerations. Again, the prescience which understandingly foresaw the corruption and decay of our party system—than which nothing seemed a more ridiculous subject of apprehension then, while nothing seems to-day less ludicrous. And, not to sink to matters of great but yet inferior importance, let us mark his perception of the imminent danger of a Russian ascendancy which would put England into the second place, with the natural consequences of that mighty change. These are matters of fundamental significance, as we all perceive amidst the surprise of actual and perhaps irretrievable experience; and to know Disraeli's history is to learn that he earned a reputation for absurdity by foreseeing what these things would come to if left to the wisdom that scorned him. They were so left, and at this moment all the greater troubles of England are Disraelian fulfilled prophecies.

Of course that cannot be shown here in particulars: the reader who still lacks that information will find it in Lord Beaconsfield's speeches, and in Mr. Keibel's brief yet masterly *Life*. We are concerned at present with Disraeli's characteristics, and what it was that made him so much of a puzzle and so much of a power. And when we come to the second consideration, again we find that we must go back to the starting-point; for all the explanation we can get lies in Abraham's bosom. So, indeed, everybody has always supposed. Dizzy was what he was because he was a Jew; but exactly what advantage that gave him, to set against the disadvantage, was never so well set forth till Mr. Froude published his account of Lord Beaconsfield. Disraeli was entirely and un-

changeably a Jew. Most Jews maintain a position of detachment, of mental detachment, in the land they live in. Disraeli's mind, a most active, incessant, and powerful one, was more detached than that of most Jews; it may be said, indeed, that it worked in detachment absolute.

Though Mr. Froude fits this explanation to Disraeli's statesmanship alone, it applies equally to his life and remarkably to his novels. The famous picture-maker says of him when he entered the House of Commons: 'Disraeli had no personal interest in any of the great questions which divided public opinion. He owned no land, he was unconnected with trade, he had'—this is the main point—'none of the prepossessions of a native Englishman.' To repeat a few sentences of my own, no English prepossessions disturbed his vision when his clear glance swept the field of politics, was bent upon the rising problems of the time, or rested upon the machinery of government, the kind of men who worked it and their ways of working. Of an alien race to the root, he was of one class no more than another, viewed each with an impartiality so complete that it very nearly bordered on indifference, and so did justice to all with as little emotional preference as we can imagine, probably. As a further result of this difference between himself and other English statesmen, Disraeli's political vision was never bounded by the affairs of the day, but looked through them and over them towards consequences of graver import which have to be provided for while they are still out of sight, if ever they are to be provided for effectually at all. And since Disraeli's mind was not only keenly discerning, but abounded in the imagination which shows the way from cause to consequence, the prophecy in his books, his speeches, and in one or two of his most vilified lines of policy, is accounted for.

This is not to say that he was never wrong; the prophets always speak by broken lights. Nor that Disraeli was invariably faithful to his beliefs; there was the signal infidelity of the 'dishing' Reform Bill of 1867. I still maintain that the excuses made for him at that time and since cannot have imposed upon his judgment or his conscience. All his life it had been his distinction and his pride to look beyond Taper-and-Tadpole calculations, and the whole tenor of his reflections on public affairs forbids the assumption that he misjudged the outcome of what he was about. The consequences of this too famous dishing process cannot have been obscure to Disraeli's mind, and they were results

which he had given the world every reason to believe he particularly dreaded.

We may conclude, then, that the singular conditions of detachment in which his Jewish nature placed Disraeli afford the best explanation of the 'mystery man' in politics as well as the 'mountebank' in society. It condemned him to disadvantages which dogged him in one shape or another during the greater part of his life; but at the same time it gave him advantages of distinction, and even of a distinct greatness, amongst the statesmen of his time. Others have had as much courage at the call of sentiment, of passion; none had so strong and constant a courage of judgment. And the peculiarity of which we speak gave him advantages of a more personal character. As I have said before, while it gave his remarkable intellectual gifts free play in observation and deduction, it insured to him coolness in the game marked out for himself from boyhood, and at the same time allowed him a keener pleasure in the game itself, wherein he was both player and onlooker. Thus, too, is in great part explained the patience and tranquillity with which he endured reverse or sustained a fall. Had he been more akin to the people amidst whom he lived and for whom he worked, he would have been troubled infinitely more by what they might think of his failures and defeats. But the coolness with which he could play the game had this drawback—it left him in comparative coldness to the results. If we would not hear, if we would not heed, ours was the damage; and in due time he would be justified.

Most of what I had to say remains unsaid, but I have already taken up more than my share of this month's 'Cornhill.'

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

SEASIDE LIFE IN AMERICA.

DURING a recent visit to the United States I inspected a new bridge, built across the Delaware River for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, a few miles north of Philadelphia. This work represented an expenditure of two million dollars. Failing to see any justification for such an outlay of money, I asked why it had been built.

'To save passengers for Atlantic City the time and trouble of a transfer across the City of Philadelphia; and to broaden the territory from which such passengers, in a "daylight" journey, might reach this seaside resort during the summer months.'

'Will this seaside traffic justify such an expenditure?' I asked.

'Yes, fully; listen to these figures. Between Sandy Hook, at the north end of the Jersey coast, and Cape May, at the southern extremity (about 100 miles), are located fifty-four seaside cities. To these little cities by the sea each season come a body of visitors—none of whom stay less than two weeks—numbering more than 3,000,000. The visitors who come for one day, or from Saturday to Monday, will add eight millions more to this body. And together these visitors spend, each season, at least 150,000,000 dollars. A narrow strip of sand, worthless from an agricultural point of view, one mile wide and 100 miles long, you will thus observe, brings to New Jersey more new wealth than the great Western State of Illinois draws from its crop of grain, raised on 10,000,000 acres of the best farming land in America.'

This summary of seaside traffic startled me, and the impression was deepened by the recollection of the early days of Atlantic City, the largest of American seaside resorts.

Atlantic City, although the largest, is but one of a thousand seaside resorts scattered along the Atlantic coast to which the American people of all classes journey every summer for pleasure and for health. Life is lived at high pressure in America—both social and business life—and the bracing air, twin with winter weather, sets a pace so fast that with a rise in temperature comes always a dangerous drop in physical condition. Rest, and the tonic air of the sea, are necessary, or a recovery to normal condition

is doubtful. Then, too, back in the interior, far from the coast, Nature has a way of getting on a man's nerves, and he craves a sight of the open sea. For the sea, idealised by long absence, ceases to be the face of Nature—becomes, to his mind, the face of God. And a knowledge of this morbid mood in many Western minds lent pathos upon one occasion to what otherwise would have been merely a very funny speech of an old farmer friend. Standing on the seashore by my side, he caught his first view of the sea. 'The first time I was ever out of sight of land. God! how it rests me!' That is what he said. And I think all close students of American life will agree with me in saying that nothing is so restful to the restless American as the sight and sound of the un-resting sea.

Seaside pilgrims, broadly speaking, break up into three great classes—democracy, in search of health and pleasure; religious democracy, in search of a renewal of spiritual as well as physical vigour; and society, seeking a more cooling atmosphere, in which the old round of city life and dissipation may be continued during the hot summer months.

Let me take Atlantic City as typical of the first class—democracy pure and simple. I do not mean the mere casual tripper, however. Atlantic City is situated on a sandy island—one of a chain of such islands which form a natural breakwater along the New Jersey coast—ten miles long, half a mile wide, and at its highest point not over twenty feet above high-water mark. A shallow bay, five miles wide, separates it from the mainland. On this small island—which in the early days of the century was under water—are located 400 hotels, all built of wood, which have a total capacity of 50,000 people. Some can 'house' comfortably over 1,000 guests. In addition to this hotel accommodation, the boarding-houses 'put up' over 30,000; while in the private cottages, occupied only during the season, 20,000 more people find comfortable homes.

For a distance of five miles along the ocean front there is a fine beach—soft yellow sand for 100 feet above high-water mark, and when the tide is out 150 feet of beach, on which the same fine sand is packed as hard and smooth as a stone floor. Behind the soft sands runs a steel-framed plank-walk, five miles long, sixty feet wide, and provided with free seats every few yards; at night it is lighted by a double line of electrical lamps, placed on handsome bronze lamp-posts. During the season this

walk is always comfortably full ; while during bathing hours and in the evening it is crowded. Surf-bathing is the first attraction of the place, fishing the second, driving or dancing third, gunning fourth.

I will give you the programme of the day as it is lived by guests at one of the large hotels—hotels where it costs a pound a day to live with any degree of comfort.

As your bedroom will, in all probability, face the sea, the first rays of light from the sun as it lifts out of old Atlantic will call you out of dreamland. If wide awake, and keen, very keen, on 'surf-bathing,' you will tumble into dressing-gown and slippers, and make your way down to the beach for a 'buff bath,' a tumble and toss in the dear old ocean, unencumbered with the orthodox bathing-costume all must wear at the regular bathing hours. On a clear, crisp, sunshiny morning, this 'bare-breasted' battle with the breakers is a glorious tonic, and sends you home with an appetite for breakfast that spells bankruptcy for 'mine host' if discretion does not hold it in check.

After breakfast, stretched out on a wicker chair or lounge in a breezy corner of the wide verandah, you lazily read the morning papers brought by special train from Philadelphia and New York ; meanwhile a splendid orchestra of forty pieces is playing music of a kind which mingles naturally with the lazy mood of place and hour.

About 11 A.M. the after-breakfast idlers disappear, but only to reappear a few minutes later in long lines of 'bath-robed' and dressing-gowned figures, trailing down to the seashore for a surf-bath. It is an attenuated crowd, for as much of the usual garb as Mrs. Grundy, mamma, or modesty will sanction is left behind in the hotel, so that the small frame bath-house—which takes the place of the English bathing-machine—may not be uncomfortably crowded. These small frame bath-houses stand in long lines, 100 deep, at right angles with the beach, and are in charge of an attendant who not only keeps the place clean and dry, but looks after your bathing-suit, drying it after the bath, and in a measure freeing it from the sand which during that bath works its way into every seam. These bathing-suits, by the way, are built on one pattern, originally designed, I believe, by a hater of mankind. They emphasise every weak point. The thin look thinner, the stout more aggressively rotund. One leg of the breeches is always shorter than the other ; and the buttonholes

are invariably too large to exercise the slightest control over the undersized buttons. A doleful and dreary blue in colour, the white braid, supposed to add a fashionable frivolity, only aggravates the picture; while the straw hat which bathers in the 'post-meridian' period of life wear as protection against the sun, and which is tied with white tapes under the chin, will demoralise the most self-satisfied bather on his first walk down to the surf. For that walk must be taken through a crowd of people—people who are on pleasure bent, who have a quick eye and keen sense of the ridiculous, and who are not afraid criticism will disturb the bather.

But having run this gauntlet, and reached the kindly shelter of the sea, all memory of caustic criticism is swallowed up in a joy that is mental and moral, as well as physical. And the first breaker not only tumbles you shoreward, but sweeps you out of the careworn present, back to the days when 'you and the world were young together.'

At most of the South Jersey seaside resorts the beach slopes so gently that you can wade out shoulder deep, and bathe there in perfect safety. This slow lifting of the floor of the sea is also responsible for three clear lines of breakers. There is no seaweed to tangle the feet, no shells or stones to cut or bruise them. A favourite trick of bathers is to form a circle out where the water is waist deep, and as each 'roller' comes in, jump up, and let its great bulk throw them high out of the water. At other points you will see a line of bathers—sometimes ten in number—hand in hand, flat on back, floating, every moment lifted into an upright position by some grand ocean roller. Others still prefer to dive through the advancing wall of waves. If you are strong of nerve and quick of eye, a fine trick is to stand with your back to the wave at the time when the great moving mass of water 'humps' up its back, thins, whitens, curls, and breaks into seething, boiling foam. Just as the wave breaks you spring into the curling wave, and as it curls you are thrown a complete somersault, landing on your feet. But be careful that you have correctly timed the breaking of the wave; for if the white 'curl' finds the back of your head or neck, you will not forget the love-tap of Father Atlantic for many an hour.

Men, women, and children all bathe together; but families or parties unconsciously form separate bathing-sets. Twenty thousand such bathers will blacken the sea, at one time, at Atlantic

City; while at least 20,000 spectators will crowd the sand, above the beach, to watch the bathers.

And these watchers are well rewarded by a succession of quaint pictures that may be seen nowhere else. Here, for instance, is a family party—father, mother, two daughters, and two sons. Waist deep in water, and hand in hand, the little family circle is gravely ‘riding the rollers.’ Suddenly the bald-headed, grey-bearded father is swallowed up by the sea. What is the matter? Shark or undertow? Neither. One of his boys—a prodigal son, who had deserted the family circle—has swum under water, caught the ‘paternal’ legs, and given the head of the house a ducking. ‘Dad’ finds his feet, and makes after the boy, who is now racing down the sands. The boy, full of laughter, falls exhausted. Up comes ‘paternal,’ and a moment later that boy is kicking and shrieking in the paternal arms, and is soon enjoying a ducking which will linger long in his memory. The dear old ‘mater’ has been watching this battle of ‘the boys’—watching with such deep interest that she has failed to note the coming of a big, bold ‘breaker.’ For that bold breaker it is a case of *Veni, vidi, vici*. The old lady is stood on her head, and for a brief period too fully developed understandings point plaintively skyward. She is soon right side up, however, and, red of face, gives an angry glance at that bold bad sea, which has dared to take such liberties with a respectable wife and mother.

Half an hour is the doctor’s limit on a surf-bath; but this is nearly always exceeded, some of the young folks stretching it to a full hour. The Gulf Stream, it must be remembered, curves in towards the shore at this point of the coast; while the air of a July and August day is always surcharged with geniality. After the bath, rest is in order: first a cool claret punch and biscuits, then a dreamless, restful sleep of two hours, a sleep which is terminated by the lunch gong at 2 P.M. After lunch the lazy folk—and their name is legion—sit on the shady breeze-swept verandahs, and listen to the band, through drowsy eyes watching a bevy of pretty girls in airy, almost angelic, costumes—pretty creatures who force the confirmed bachelor, even while he calls them ‘airy nothings,’ to wish he might give at least one of them ‘a local habitation and a (new) name.’

The energetic visitor, however, after lunch will often go for a few hours’ fishing in the bays or inlets, hoping to win a piscatorial honour of the first class by landing a ‘gamy’ fish called a sheep’s

head. The first one I captured bit at the hook with such vigour as to suggest a shark; but when his mild, effeminate face, so like the animal after which he is named, came to the surface, I was possessed by an uncomfortable feeling that I had hooked the mermaid mother of 'Mary's little lamb.'

After the dinner, at 7 P.M., the proper thing is a drive on the beach. If the tide is out you will find there a natural boulevard 200 feet wide, for the beach where the bathers met at noon is now bare and dry and hard—so hard that even when your carriage-wheels are wet by a spent wave, they leave no track in the sand, and the tramp of the horses comes muffled, as if from far inland. With the deepening twilight, to drive along this sea-beach is to find a new sensation. A waste of water lies on one hand, a waste of sand on the other. Above, the blue sky is losing each moment more and more its sunset colour. Against that dusky sky swift-flying ducks or lazily drifting seagulls make a succession of black shadows; while the darkness, closing in around your carriage, seems to cut you off entirely from everyday life and its normal environment. An 'other world' feeling, uncanny and disconcerting, gradually creeps over you. And at last the silence and the solitude grow oppressive—so oppressive that the thousand lights in the great hotels miles away are invitations strong to a life too merry to tolerate the morbid. And this is why, with new zest, you come back to the land of braying bands, brilliantly lighted ballroom, dancing folk, and the crush and clatter and chatter of the healthy happy crowd.

Some there be among pleasure-seekers who are never happy save the gun is kept hot and busy—men whose desire to kill something refuses to be satisfied with the mild sport of killing time. For such men the quiet end of this beach offers sport in the shape of snipe, birds so swift of foot and wing that one brace will furnish sport for a whole day. The trick of this sport is to dig a hole in the sand three feet deep, take a seat therein, and when you see a bird, blaze away. He, or the flock of which he is a part, will simply curve out to sea a few yards, and, returning, settle on the old spot. It is amazing how filled with true sporting spirit are these uncultured sand-snipe; and, honestly, they seem to take a pride in giving the visitor all the fun he desires. One old friend of mine—he is a Stock Exchange man, and therefore truthful—told me recently that, after firing all the morning at one snipe, without apparent damage to the bird, he fell asleep

from sheer exhaustion. When he awoke, an hour later, that blessed bird was sitting on the barrel of his gun, nodding and winking, as if trying to say, 'Luncheon-hour is over. Come on. I'm ready for the second innings.'

One feature of seaside life I have delayed speaking about until now, because it is an occasional rather than a regular incident. Some fine morning, if you have luck with you, your eyes will pick out a flock of gulls flying close to the water, and about a hundred yards from shore. This means much if the love of sport royal runs in your blood; for the gulls are after a small fish, on which the great blue fish also feed. And you race back to your bath-house after fishing-tackle—a stout line with a silver spoon at the end, covering a long sharp hook.

Ready now for the battle, you rush into the surf, and wade out until the still water is just below the armpits. Then, with three strong circles, you toss the 'spoon' seawards a good sixty to eighty feet. The moment the spoon touches the water you turn quickly, and, taking advantage of a wave shoreward bound, hurry towards the land. Suddenly there comes a jerk which brings you face about and sends the line deep into your shoulder. You know what that means. 'He' has struck at the spoon, and fourteen pounds of fighting-fish is at the other end of your line. Taking up an arm's length of slack you once more plunge shorewards. But your back being turned to the incoming line of breakers, a big 'roller' catches you on the shoulders and tumbles you head over heels. Keep your wits about you now, and if you love reputation don't let your line slack for even one second. This is less difficult than you think, for the inrush of the wave sweeps you with it, and so picks up automatically your slack. On your feet again, you dash the salt water from your eyes, blow the salt water out of your mouth, stick your toes deep into the hard sand, and make another rush for the shore. But now the line gives a wicked jerk. Look seaward. There, poised high in air, is your splendid fish. He has leaped clear of the sea, and for a glorious second shows four foot of diamond-studded silver to the sun and you. But don't stop to admire him; brace for a sharp pull, for when 'he' strikes the sea again he will be broadside on, and not end on, and the strain will for a moment almost pull arms out of sockets. Now is your time. A big wave has caught your fish, and is sweeping him shoreward at terrible pace. Run; run like mad out of the water, up the hard beach, and through

the soft sand which lies beyond. Don't look behind, don't give one inch of slack, or he is lost. What is that great shout? Why, your fish is in two inches of water, and willing hands have flung him high and dry. The battle is over; you are victor. And with that wild shout ringing in your ears you fall exhausted on the sand, your last ounce of 'pull' spent. But, lying there in the hot embrace of the soft sand, knots in every muscle, the tingle of the tide in every vein and veinlet, the roar of the sea in your ears, you cry from the very bottom of your lungs, 'Thank God for life—for life, mere life!' You have caught a memory that will travel with you life's journey through, and brighten and lighten many a care-encumbered hour in the days that are to be.

The excessive heat sends the American people to the healing and the cooling of the sea. And this being so, it is perhaps only natural that Satan, whose orthodox home is one of high temperature, and his servant, Sin, are always in evidence at American seaside resorts. This manifestation of seaside sin is, however, not painfully aggressive to the many, but to a class it gives offence; and as this class has money, it is not surprising to find that an effort has been made to found a seaside resort into which sin cannot enter.

About twenty-five years ago a body of these sea-loving but sin-hating Americans decided to found a religious home. They were led by a very shrewd, far-seeing Methodist minister, named Stokes, on whose advice a tract of land—some 300 acres—was bought. This tract, which had a mile of sea-frontage, was then way out in the wilderness, and so far from any possibility of settlement that the Legislature of New Jersey granted the party—the Ocean Grove Association—a most liberal charter, one that made them autocrats within their town limits. Further, the State covenanted that no license to sell intoxicating liquor should be granted to an hotel within a mile of 'Ocean Grove.' They began with a 'camp meeting' lasting ten days, all living in tents. To-day 'Ocean Grove' counts within its limits at least 1,500 buildings, although the tent-life of its earlier days is still retained for use of families with but small incomes. The season now lasts a full three months, during which the population never falls below 25,000, and on special days often rises to 150,000. The new tabernacle has seating capacity for 10,000 people, is lighted brilliantly by electric light, and its acoustic properties are so perfect that a man speaking in an ordinary tone of voice can be

distinctly heard in every part of the vast auditorium. The place is run on Puritanical lines. No liquor or tobacco can be sold *at any time*; no card-playing or dancing is allowed. On Sunday the gates are locked, and no vehicle is admitted, although people who wish to attend church are allowed to walk inside. No shops are open on Sunday. If you wish to buy the innocent milk, you must go across to Asbury Park to procure it. Every week-day from three to five religious services are held, and on Sunday twice this number. It is a remarkable fact, but fully 99 per cent. of the people within the 'Grove' attend at least two religious services every day of the season. There is a large model of the City of Jerusalem, and a lecturer explains it twice each day to all who care to listen. Surf-bathing is indulged in by all; and a curious habit—one which suggests that modesty and morality are not always twin—is that followed by some, of putting on their bathing-costume in the morning, attending service so garbed, and then going down to the beach for a surf-bath. Sometimes they will even join an open-air meeting later in the day, still in this dress, which is now wet and clinging.

The greatest pulpit orators in America visit Ocean Grove and preach. Each season there is a musical festival, at which really first-class singing is heard, by a well-trained chorus and well-known soloists. At one such festival the expenditure ran above 3,000/. There is never any disorder or drunkenness to annoy the women and children. All these good points combine to make the resort popular, even with many who are not in sympathy with the strict rules. And many who are not even church members approve the place, because the teaching of its men and the voice of its pulpit are strong in favour of loyalty. I heard, upon one occasion, the venerable president of the Association, the Rev. Dr. Stokes, say, speaking to an audience of ten thousand preachers and teachers gathered from all parts of the Republic, 'We are soldiers of the Cross. But under the white banner of the Cross every one of us must nail the Stars and Stripes. And each soldier in God's army must hold it his high duty to die as willingly, as gladly, for country as for God.' Such words from such a man sink deep, and their influence for stability in the State is hard to over-estimate.

The most striking and original feature of seaside life at Ocean Grove is the service of song on the seashore at twilight. Here there will often gather a crowd of ten thousand people, and

with the roll and roar of the old ocean for accompaniment they will sing the old songs of the Church. Between the hymns some one clear voice, lifting above the sound of the sea, tells again that old, old story which is so much to so many the round world over. To hear this vast seaside crowd sing 'Jesu, lover of my soul,' is to put a new meaning into the old words, 'Till the storm of life is past.'

Separated from Ocean Grove by a narrow lake, named after John Wesley, lies the new city of Asbury Park, which in summer boasts a population on pleasure bent exceeding 30,000 souls. This is also a 'prohibition' town; in all other respects it is rather worldly. But a curious feature is this—I mention it because it bears on the linking of 'God and country' noted at Ocean Grove: the band which plays in the great pavilion on Sunday is restricted to 'Hymns and *Patriotic Songs*.' Asbury Park has a splendid board walk along the seashore two miles in length; back of this is a brick-paved track for bicycles; and behind this bicycle track an avenue for driving, 200 feet wide. An electric railway runs all around the city, and, continuing north, links it with the score of seaside cities between Asbury Park and Sandy Hook. One feature of Asbury Park I must mention. On the pier stand an old and disabled fire-engine and two circus cages, once the home of celebrated lions, exhibited for years by an American circus, and known to every boy in the United States. These three bits of drift from the great work-and-play-a-day world are always surrounded by a crowd of happy children—children who climb into the cages, under, and over them. The amount of pleasure the American boys get out of this visit, inside of the old home of 'Roaring Dick' and 'Terrible Tom,' all my readers who are still blessed with clear memories of childhood can picture far better than I can here describe.

Between Asbury Park and the north end of the Jersey coast there is a continuous line of little and big seaside resorts, but they are chiefly cottage towns, where each family is blessed with a rooftop of its own. There is one exception to this rule, and I must say a few words about it. This exception is Long Branch, for many years called the summer capital of the United States, because General Grant, during his eight years' presidency, always passed his summer here; and Garfield died at Elberon, which is really one end of the same place. The name of this little place, Elberon, has a curious origin. The property was originally

owned by a man named L. B. Brown. He did not think 'Brownsville' or 'Browntown' would do as a name for his new city. One morning, on the way to the railway-station, the postman stopped him, and asked, 'Are you Mr. L. B—rown?' 'Yes,' he answered. He took his letters, and, caught by the jingle of his name with the last 'B' dropped, he called his new seaside city 'Elberon' (L-B-ron), and the tragic death of Garfield made a world which had never heard of Mr. L. B. Brown painfully familiar with the word 'Elberon.' To the many, then, Long Branch, as I have already said, is known as the summer capital. But to the initiated few it is better known as the seat of gambling in America. The happily ignorant 'many' will probably drive along the splendid five-mile sea-front boulevard, and watch the never-ending procession of sea-craft bound for New York Harbour, only a few miles away. The unhappily wise few, on the other hand, always hurry over to one of the twenty-six gambling-houses which run openly six months of the year, vainly hoping, perhaps, for the favour of the fickle goddess. Let me take you into one of these seaside gambling-houses, with which I may claim an expensive, if not an extensive, acquaintance.

Without it has the appearance of a gentleman's cottage. It is built of wood, two stories in height, and surrounded by wide verandahs. At the rear, however, the suspicious would note a rotunda some sixty feet high, with glass and slate roof. The wide verandahs, too, are so lined with large plants on their outer edge as to screen them from the prying eye of the 'rank outsider.' The broad entrance-hall is covered with rich Turkish rugs, in which the colours gold and blue predominate. The walls and ceilings are a peculiar mixture of yellow and gold, picked out with a score of pink-faced cupids. In the centre hangs a crystal chandelier, in which electric light burns night and day. Theoretically, it is always night in American gambling-houses. Passing through this hall we come to the real shrine of the Goddess of Chance. Here the eye is at first blinded by the hundreds of electric lights which stud the dome, glisten from brackets on the walls, fall in a shower of sparks from two great crystal chandeliers overhead. White and gold are, in this *salon*, the prevailing colours in hangings and decorations. The carpet is a rich yellow, with pile so long that footsteps are as noiseless as when crossing a bit of turf. To the right a large faro 'lay-out' fills an alcove, and is surrounded by about fifty men, all heavy players. Money is not openly used, but ivory chips, which are valued at from ten shillings to 20l.

You will frequently see 1,000*l.* put up on the turn of a single card. On the opposite side of the room stand four roulette tables, and the ball is busy at each, bringing, with each completed journey, a message of joy or sorrow to a crowd of two hundred people. In an adjoining room you will find three games of baccarat, and one game of rolling faro, each surrounded by a group of players. The place is very quiet—all talk is in a whisper; and the unwritten law is, that winnings or losings must be taken after the fashion of the Stoic.

As you watch the players a black servant in a handsome livery approaches and says, 'May I show the gentleman the way to the dining-room? Dinner is served.' And following this sable servitor you come to a splendid banqueting-hall, and there, without a penny of expense, enjoy a dinner which in New York or London would cost ten shillings. From the moment you enter the house until you leave it you are the welcome guest of the proprietor. And you may remain a mere spectator for hours without receiving an invitation to try your luck, or the slightest intimation that you have overstayed your welcome. These houses run in opposition to State law, but the gamblers have carefully arranged matters so that no complaint shall be made against them; and in the absence of 'legal knowledge' that they are in operation the authorities cannot take action. A local man stands on guard at the door of each gambling-house, to prevent the admission of any townspeople. And, further, the proprietors make it a rule to patronise local tradesmen, and their annual disbursement, which exceeds 250,000*l.*, is an item which the thrifty Jersey folk do not care to banish from purely sentimental considerations.

A word in passing must be said of Coney Island, the great seaside 'safety-valve' of New York City. Here we find the tripper triumphant. Eight million people visit Coney Island each season; and in one dining-room you may see 4,000 people, all comfortably seated, and at one time, satisfying the inner man. Bathing, dancing, shows big and little, music good, bad, and indifferent—this is the day's delight for a crowd which takes advantage of the cheap transportation—1*s.* 6*d.* a round trip from New York—to get a beneficial blow on the beach.

I can only give brief mention of a host of small and large seaside resorts on the New England coast to which a class that is rich in mind and manners rather than in mere money goes each season. But at such places the sea has a serious rival in beautiful

inland scenery and rocky, picturesque coasts, yachting and pic-nicking dividing with surf-bathing the favour of the visitor.

With this brief tribute to New England seaside life I pass to the Mecca of the millionaire, the old city of Newport, Rhode Island. For if it is true that all good Americans go to Paris when they die, it is equally true that all rich Americans go to Newport before they die, for she is the acknowledged queen of American seaside resorts. 'Beautiful for situation;' the old Bible phrase leaps to the lips at the first sight of this lovely corner of Rhode Island—Rhode Island, which succeeded the old Indian name Aquidneck, 'Isle of Peace.' To the sea she shows the highest bluff and cliffs on the Atlantic coast. Towards the sound she descends in a gentle plane, as if anxious to meet, on equal terms, the fleet of yachts which float in what was once the greatest commercial harbour of the New World, and is still the finest roadstead. In one corner of the Island nestles the old city, founded in 1638 by dissenters from the Massachusetts Puritans. The dissent of their descendants has carried the people a long way from old Puritanism!

Here, in this old-world corner of New World gaiety, you find queer crooked little streets that tie themselves into lovers'-knots; grass-grown squares, whose broken railings are eloquent of 'protection' in the past and a too 'free trade' in the present. Here the first school supported out of the rates and open free to all was established. The social 'dip' in old ocean was forestalled a century and a half by the religious 'water dip,' for the first Baptist church in America was opened here. The oldest Jewish synagogue stands in one corner, built 136 years ago, and still in use to-day. For 250 years the annual meeting of the 'Society of Friends' has gathered at this quiet corner of the town. While here you see the little house in which, 140 years ago, the first American newspaper was printed and published by a nephew of Benjamin Franklin. Bishop Berkeley here lived, and wrote his oft-quoted lyric containing the prophecy, 'Westward the course of empire takes its way;' and Newport's famous 'old mill,' which runs back nearly 300 years, has furnished a score of poets, headed by Longfellow, with theme for song and story. The British captured the place in 1776, and occupied it for three years, showing a very low estimate of the town's past by their suggestive action in sinking the town records at 'Hell's Gate.' The French, who came with the Americans when it was reoccupied, fell in love with the beautiful

spot, and tried their best to have it ceded to France. This is the old Newport. What shall I say of the new?

Avenues lined with magnificent summer houses; 'cottages' only in name, for many of them cost more than half a million dollars, a number over a million. And in these palaces a right royal life is lived. Hospitality is generous, and days fly by as if on golden wings—and, truth to tell, gold in full measure alone could buy such 'wings.' Bathing has gone out with the 'smart set,' although the beach is a fine one. But polo, yachting, riding, driving, lawn-tennis—the lawn-tennis championship of the United States is decided at the Casino grounds—and the usual round of 'social life in cities lived' are sufficient to fill in the time. Hotel life is practically non-existent at Newport, and to be in the swim one must have an income of at least 10,000%. Many men spend five times that sum in a season. Three of the Vanderbilts, William Astor, the Belmonts, the Lorillards, Mortons, Bigelows—all the names familiar in American social circles are represented at the Queen of Watering-places by a palace varying in style from the long many-gabled red building of the Lorillards to the stately white marble pile owned by the father of the Duchess of Marlborough, W. K. Vanderbilt.

Bellevue Avenue and Ocean Drive are sights for the visitor at the driving hour; but above and beyond all other attractions is the Cliff Walk. This is a narrow path which for two miles follows the brow of the rocky bluff. To the north is a line of 'cottages' resting in wide gardens that blaze with flowers and are bordered by hedges of privet and buckthorn. To the south, and far below, lies the broad Atlantic. And whether you look on this spread of ocean in the early morning light, when a mist makes the islands on the horizon mere shadows brooding on a silent sea; or at noon, when that sea is one sheet of brazen metal, with a beauty Oriental in its opulence; or in the moonlight, when the sea, all silver now, is a mirror save where its water finds the rocky islet, or the base of the cliff, and there dissolves into fleecy foam—at all times, under all conditions, this picture will find welcome place in memory, and make you love more deeply and more aggressively this dear old earth.

Newport boasted a greater commerce than New York until the year 1767; then her position in the world of trade was lost, and for a hundred years her population remained stationary. Staten Island had stolen the laurels of Rhode Island, and the Dutch

city on the Hudson must have smiled as she watched her complete victory over an old rival. But 'time at last makes all things even.' Trade soon bound the proud island of the Hudson in fetters of iron. The massive buildings, children of her new prosperity, slowly swept out of sight her beautiful gardens, wiped the smile from off the face of Nature. And the wealth she won for her merchant-princes, what did they do with it? Carried it back to Newport, the rival she had ruined; lavished what New York, the slave, had won on that Newport whose natural beauty and wealth of tradition had won their allegiance. And this is how Newport, the great of the eighteenth century, long dethroned, came again into its own in the closing years of the nineteenth century, and, as the loved mistress of American millionaires, was crowned Queen of New World Seaside Cities.

FRANCIS H. HARDY.

THE WAY WE FLIRT NOW

I.

I HAD accepted an invitation to spend three weeks in Scotland. A visit of such length in a country house is big with possibilities. There is, first, the possibility of being bored to extinction. It is possible, on the other hand, that one may look back upon it as one of the happiest episodes of one's life. One may even, as they say, meet one's fate there. I hardly expected this latter contingency, for my heart is not susceptible to female charms. By many of my friends I am regarded as something of a prig; and my fellow clerks in the Foreign Office, I believe, look upon me as a misogynist. This only means that I am not accustomed to discuss the affairs of my heart with them.

As far as I remember, I accepted my host's invitation, and started with a certain pleasant anticipation. I knew she was going to be there, a part if not the whole of the time. I liked her just enough to wish to see more of her. We had always found things to talk about upon the rare occasions we had met since we were grown up. As children, we had played together; but all that counts for nothing, and the only result was that we called each other by our Christian names. When I reached Glenmuch Castle, I found she had arrived, with her mother, two days before me. My hostess inquired whether I knew Kitty Arundel, adding that she wished me to take her in to dinner that evening. There were about fifteen or twenty other people staying in the house, some of whom I knew and some of whom I did not. I have no recollection of what we talked about that first dinner. Indeed, I have a very dim recollection of what happened the first week of my visit. There was another girl staying in the house whom I knew rather better than Kitty, and liked about as much. At breakfast and at lunch (when we were not taken out shooting) I used to sit next the one or the other. I was equally satisfied if either Kitty or Miss Armstrong fell to me at dinner. I arrived on a Tuesday. As far as I remember, we broke the ice, so to speak, on the Sunday after my arrival. When I say 'broke the ice,' I do not mean that we had been frigid before, but merely that we suddenly got on different terms. Once broken, the ice melted with singular rapidity.

II.

It was after church, and we all walked home by way of the boat-house at the bottom of the park. I had been silently admiring her appearance. I remember she wore a brown dress. We walked across the grass some way from the rest. I honestly believe it was by accident, not by design. She began the conversation. I had become very sincerely fond of her by this time, and, for my part, was quite ready to establish more intimate relations. I believe she had the same wish. She afterwards told me that she had been wanting to give me an opening, and I afterwards told her that it was then I discovered she was a flirt.

'Tell me what you think of Mabel,' she began suddenly.

'I like her very well, as far as I know her,' I replied.

'Do you think her pretty?'

'No, certainly not.'

'Clever?'

'Yes; fairly clever, I should think.'

'You're very critical, aren't you?' she asked.

'People tell me I am,' I answered.

We discussed the various members of the house party at some length, generally agreeing in our likes and dislikes. Sometimes, I think, we pretended to agree; it was so much more satisfactory.

We walked towards the house in silence; she had never before seemed to me so charming.

'Now tell me, what do you think of me?' she said shyly, looking down and poking at the grass with her parasol.

'Ah!' said I.

'Well?' she said, faintly colouring.

'What I like about you most is the steadiness of your good spirits,' I answered.

'Yes. What else?'

'Why, that you're always in the same good humour; that you never snub one,' I continued.

I might have added a great deal more with perfect safety, but I thought it was enough for one day. It is my principle never to expose myself to the chance of a snub.

'You're always good-humoured,' I said.

'Not always; sometimes I'm sulky.'

'I can't believe it.'

'It's true; I used to have dreadful fits of sulkiness.'

'Do you think I shall ever see you sulky?' I inquired.

'I don't know.'

'I hope not,' said I; 'you've been so amiable to me so far.'

'I'm in such tearing spirits here,' she explained.

'Aren't you always in good spirits?'

'Not always; sometimes I have awful fits of depression.'

'Oh, so do I; less, though, than I used.'

'I think one gets happier as one gets older, don't you?' she asked.

'I hope so. One cares less about things, and one sees nothing matters much,' I answered.

'What are you like when you're depressed? What do you do?' she asked.

'I? I never show it; I ride it off, or go to the Hammam if I'm in London.'

We had by this time reached the house; some of the party were already at lunch. I went straight into the dining-room; she followed a few minutes later, and came round to the other side of the table to sit by me. Nobody except myself noticed it.

III.

In the afternoon our hostess took her and her mother for a drive. I, for want of better occupation, walked over alone to take tea with some neighbours. She fell to my lot at dinner.

'What have you been doing this afternoon?' she asked.

'I walked over to Hindmarsh, and then back by the ponds very moodily.'

'Why very moodily?'

'Because I felt depressed.'

'Were you depressed? Why were you depressed?' she asked.

'Oh, I don't know why.'

'I was rather depressed this afternoon also,' she said confidently.

'Why?'

'I don't know. It was so dull.'

'Why were you dull?' I asked.

'I don't know.' The very faintest suspicion of a blush rose on her cheeks.

'I think I can guess why,' said I.

'Why? Tell me.'

'I shan't tell you.'

She understood. We looked at each other and laughed. Conversation around us had reached the pitch which enables one to talk of anything with one's neighbour. We began to discuss various common acquaintances in London.

'I believe she's as great a flirt as I am,' said she, of some girl I mentioned.

'Are you a flirt?' I asked with genuine curiosity. The confession was interesting.

'Well, yes; at least, a sort of one,' she said with hesitation.

'What d'you mean by a flirt?' I inquired.

'Don't you know?'

'No; everybody means something different.'

'Well, it means——' she stopped short.

'Give me your definition,' said I.

'What do *you* mean by it?' she asked.

'I must think of a definition. There are so many different sorts.'

'Well, don't think now; tell me to-morrow,' she said.

'All right, I'll think of it in bed and tell you at breakfast, if I sit by you.'

Her other neighbour intervened.

'I want to ask you a question,' I said, when he relinquished her.

'What is it?'

'When we were in Somersetshire two years ago, do you remember a walk we took to Plestor on Sunday afternoon?' I began.

'Yes. By the way, what very different terms we were on then!'

'Well, never mind that. You said that George Eyton was a flirt?'

'Yes? Did I? What a memory you have!'

'I remember every word you say. Shall I repeat your conversation on that occasion?'

'No, go on; it was very dull.'

'It was very different from our conversations of these last days,' said I.

'We weren't friends then. I was much too afraid of you,' she said.

'Were you? How silly of you! However, to go back to George Eyton.'

'What about him?'

'You said he was a flirt.'

'Did I. I dare say I did.'

'I want to know how you know that.'

'How do you mean?' she asked.

'Were you speaking from personal experience?'

When she understood she exclaimed: 'What a horrid question! I shan't answer that.'

'Yes, *do* answer,' I urged.

'Well, I wasn't speaking from experience.'

'He never flirted with you?'

'No. I shan't answer any more questions like that,' she said.

'What a pity! I thought this afternoon of such a lot of questions I wanted to ask you.'

'Well, let's hear what they are, and I'll see whether I'll answer them,' she said, apparently relenting.

'They're framed so as to throw some light on your character, if you answer truthfully,' said I.

'Well, ask me one.'

I was just beginning when our hostess gave the signal. After dinner I talked to Mabel Armstrong, who, for some reason which I could not discover, was very chilly and snubby.

IV.

Next morning after breakfast I found Kitty walking up and down the terrace; she gave me a look when I joined her, full of kindly welcome I thought.

'Shall I make you my confidant?' I asked.

'Yes, do. What is it?' she said with eagerness.

'There's a coolness between me and Mabel Armstrong. Have you noticed it?'

'No. I'm *so* sorry for you,' she said, with great apparent sympathy. 'I really am sorry though; you must feel it. You always used to rush and talk to her after dinner.'

'Well, what if I did?'

'You never talk to me after dinner.'

'Because I always sit next you at dinner when I can.'

You mean you've had enough of me,' said she.

'Not the least; only it's better not to be too openly attentive.'

'Why?'

'It's better not; I don't like being watched.'

'I'm quite brazen,' she confessed with perfect frankness.

'So I should suppose,' said I.

'Why do you say that?'

'Didn't you yourself tell me you were a flirt? How many people have you made that confession to?' I inquired.

'None; it slipped out. I wish I hadn't said it.'

'Why? I'm very glad you did,' said I. 'It broke the ice.'

'Yes, it has been much nicer since we became such friends!'

She went on suddenly, 'Oh! what about those definitions—have you thought it over?'

'Yes; I have more or less.'

'Are you a flirt?' she asked. 'Tell me, are you one?'

'That depends upon what you mean by one. I think I shan't tell you,' said I, laughing.

'Yes, do tell me,' she implored.

'I'll let you discover for yourself.'

'I think I have discovered. Let's hear your definition.'

'Well,' I began, 'it seems to me there are two sorts of women flirts. The one, who likes to have a crowd of men round her and let it be seen how many she has, which is the vulgar flirt; and the other sort, who likes to keep one friend and extract expressions of devotion from him in private.'

'And which sort do I belong to?' she asked, looking away from me.

'Well, I don't think you're vulgar,' said I.

'No? But I don't like being used as a *pis-aller* for Mabel Armstrong,' said she.

'I rather think that's what I should call extracting an expression of devotion from your friend.'

'I knew you'd say that. But I haven't succeeded,' she said regretfully.

'Do you really think I prefer Mabel Armstrong's society to yours?' I asked seriously.

'How should I know?'

'Isn't it obvious?'

'No; not the least.'

'You want me to tell you that I like you best?'

'I should like to hear it,' she confessed.

'Well then, I'll tell you so. I like you ten thousand times better than Mabel.'

'Better than all the other girls in the house?'

'Better than all the other girls in the house put together.'

'It would be nice to believe it,' she said rather thoughtfully.

'I should advise you to, then.'

'My ecstasy would be too great if I believed half the things you've said these last days. Sometimes I laugh at myself for believing them.'

'You needn't,' said I.

V.

I remember we met again next morning on the terrace. I was late, and had breakfasted alone.

'Well?' she said, as I sat down on the bench.

'Well, what? Weren't you disappointed when I didn't appear at breakfast?' I asked.

'Not the least; why should I be?'

'Are you speaking the truth?' I said.

'No, I'm not,' she frankly admitted.

'You were rather disappointed?'

She nodded.

'Why didn't you say so at once?'

'It's more amusing not to.'

'You sat next the door so that I might drop into the chair next you unnoticed.'

'How do you know?' she exclaimed.

'I merely guessed it.'

'Shall I tell you something?' she began, hesitating a little.

'I used to amuse myself by sitting on the other side of the table, to see whether you'd come round and sit next me.'

'Did you? How very foolish!'

'It was, rather; because sometimes you didn't come round.'

'Are you going to sit next me at lunch?' I asked.

'I think I shall sit next Tom Hawkins,' she replied.

'All right.'

'Don't you care?'

'Not the least.'

We laughed. We had reached an extreme stage by this time. That day I said all sorts of things to her in a quiet way, and she encouraged me as no man ever was encouraged.

We went out on to the terrace after dinner. It was a beautiful night; I was silent.

'When are you going to begin?' she asked in a low voice.

'Begin what?' said I. It amused me so much to see her getting impatient.

'Why do you pretend not to understand?'

'Begin to make love to you, do you mean?'

She nodded and looked away.

'We were rather wasting an opportunity,' I said.

'We were, indeed; I was waiting for you to begin,' she explained.

'I should like to say something that would really please you before we go in again.'

'Oh do!' she exclaimed.

'You like a real, downright compliment?'

'If I can believe it.'

'Which would you rather I should tell you, that you were pretty or clever?'

'I don't know; neither would be true.'

'Suppose I told you that I thought you both?'

'That you thought me pretty and clever?'

'Yes; love is blind, you know,' I added awkwardly.

'I didn't know that you were in love with me.'

'I didn't say I was.'

'I wish I could believe you thought me pretty?' she said, looking at me.

'I tell you I do.'

'I can't believe it; my ecstasy would be too great.'

'I assure you I do, solemnly.'

'I believe you're only laughing at me.'

'Come, if I tell you on my word of honour, you must believe me then.'

'I suppose I must,' she admitted.

'Don't you think yourself pretty?'

'No; of course some days I know I look better than others.'

'Well, I'm glad I told you that.'

'Yes; it was very nice,' she said gratefully.

'I know you don't think yourself clever, because you've already told me so,' I went on.

'I know I'm not clever. It's such a relief to discover one's thoroughly stupid.'

'Nonsense! Do you seriously mean to tell me you think yourself ugly and stupid?'

'Yes; more or less. I say, we ought to go in or we shall be remarked. I used to be quite brazen; it's you who've made me so sensitive.'

'I'm very glad if I have.'

'I think it is much better, on the whole,' she replied.

We went back to the drawing-room, and I made myself very agreeable to an old lady, who worked at a patchwork of tartans. That night I was so excited that I could not get to sleep till 6 a.m.

VI.

'You remember what I told you last night?' I said to her at breakfast next morning.

'What?'

'That you were pretty.'

'You needn't shout it at the top of your voice,' she said in an undertone.

'Nobody's listening,' said I; which was true.

'It would be very awkward if they heard.'

'D'you believe what I told you?' I asked.

'Yes; I think so.'

'That's all right. It's the truth,' I added.

There was a general silence at the breakfast-table, such as there often is at that meal, and we talked no more.

That day some of us were taken to visit the farm.

'I've made a good resolution this morning,' said I to her on the walk there.

'What is it? Not to flirt with me any more?'

'No. To speak nothing but the truth to you to-day.'

'That'll be horribly dull.'

'Not necessarily.'

'We shan't be able to flirt any more,' she objected.

'You'll see. It's only for one day.'

'I've got several questions I want to ask you,' said she a little later.

'Ask them. This is a very good occasion, since I'm bound to answer the truth.'

'I'm afraid to.'

'Go on.'

'I'm so afraid that you'd misconstrue them.'

'Surely we've got past that stage.'

'You won't misconstrue what I'm going to say?'

'I never misconstrue anything you say.'

'Very well, then. I want to know whether you think most marriages are happy.' Her voice had a husky nervous sound.

'That depends. You remember what Johnson says about marriage?' I inquired.

'What does he say?'

'It's in "Rasselas." I learnt it by heart once. I used to repeat it to myself every day.'

'Repeat it now,' she said.

I began from memory. '"Such is the common process of marriage. A youth and a maiden meeting by accident, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one another. Having nothing to diversify thought or divert attention, they feel uneasy while they are apart, and conclude that they will be happy together. They marry and discover too late what voluntary blindness had concealed. They spend life in altercation and charge nature with cruelty."'

When I had done she was silent, till I said, 'Well, do you agree?'

'It's too cynical.'

'I fear you're full of sentiment,' said I in a regretful tone.

'I don't think I've been sentimental over our friendship.'

'We've got past that phase,' I answered.

'I think we have,' she laughed, and we walked on without talking.

We were silent till we reached the farm. On the way home I talked all the time to her mother about poultry and carried a large bunch of evil-smelling wild flowers which the farmer's wife had given her.

VII.

'Why didn't you come out and say good-bye to Tom Hawkins?' she asked me at luncheon a few days later.

'I didn't know he'd gone.'

'He left at half-past twelve.'

'For good?'

'I'm afraid so.'

'I'm very sorry for you.'

'I told him I hoped we should meet in London.'

'Did you?'

'I asked him to come and see us,' she added.

'Did you really, now? What did he say?'

'I can't remember.'

'Really? Impossible!'

'Shall I tell you why I told him so?'

'Told him what?'

'That "I hoped that we should meet in London."'

'Why did you? I don't care.'

'To have the fun of telling you I'd done so,' she said innocently.

'You've had it,' I replied calmly.

'How I should like to make you jealous!' she exclaimed as loud as circumstances permitted.

'Some day, perhaps,' said I, apparently giving my whole attention to the grouse on my plate.

VIII.

Another day (the day after, I think it was) a number of us went over to lunch with some neighbours, the Vernons. I drove her back in a dogcart. I remember the conversation well. I have never been able to make up my mind how serious we either of us were in the things we said.

'I really couldn't help it at lunch,' she said.

'Help what?'

'I couldn't sit next you.'

'Why not?'

'Didn't you see?'

'See what?'

'Mr. Vernon called out to me to come and sit by him.'

'Did he? What a brute!'

'I was horribly angry with him,' she said.

'It couldn't be helped,' I answered.

'No; I couldn't do otherwise, could I?'

'I was afraid you were cross,' said I.

'Have I ever been cross to you, Horace?'

'Yes, once. That day after we had been out fishing.'

'You were so disagreeable,' she said, pouting.

'Why?'

'You wouldn't say what I wanted.'

'What did you want me to say?'

'I can't remember now.'

'That I was your devoted slave?' I suggested.

'Perhaps.'

'You knew it.'

'Knew what?'

'That I am your slave.'

'For ever?'

'For as long as you wish.'

'And then——?' she waited.

'Some day you will be tired of me,' I said.

She did not answer.

'It was very amusing, making you cross,' said I.

'Are you going to do it now?' she asked.

'It was so amusing, I should like to.'

'You pretended to be very sorry afterwards,' she said.

'So I was.'

'I wasn't really cross, you know.'

'I wasn't really sorry.'

'Did you think I was cross?' she asked.

'No. Did you think I was sorry?'

'No.'

We laughed at our foolishness.

'Do you think any one suspects anything yet?' I asked.

'Mother doesn't, I know.'

'I am so afraid Mabel Armstrong does,' said I.

'Oh, no. Why do you suppose it?'

'She bears us illwill, I'm sure.'

'How do you know?'

'She says such cutting things, full of hidden meaning,' I replied.

'It would be dreadful if we were overheard.'

'Our conversation might sound peculiar,' I agreed.

'It might,' she said. 'We must be very careful.'

'Yes, never come into the room together except by different doors,' I added.

'Yes, that's a good plan; I never thought of it.'

'I think it's all right so far,' said I. 'I believe no one has the faintest suspicion of the terms we are on.'

'I hope so most sincerely,' she said.

We had got to the house. We had now reached the stage when we had nothing to say to each other in public; we exchanged glances instead.

The next three days we passed from moments of ecstasy when we were alone together to periods of misery when we were apart. Our atmosphere seemed charged—something must happen. What, we neither of us could imagine; we felt it evidently could not last. We afterwards called it the hothouse period.

IX.

It came to a climax one day when we went a picnic to some little mountain tarn about five miles off, Loch Pibrie by name. It was a memorable day for us. Our atmosphere cooled, and the hothouse period came to an end.

We drove thither in a large break and walked home. I need not say we walked together, and out of hearing of the others. I imagine she wanted to discover how much I was in love with her. It was the one thing I was determined to conceal.

‘I want you to tell me something,’ she began, hesitating and swinging her stick.

‘What is it?’

‘Have you ever flirted with any one as desperately as you have with me?’

‘I don’t know. Have I flirted with you?’

‘Do be serious,’ she implored.

‘I am.’

‘Are there any others?’ she repeated.

‘Other what?’

‘Other girls you flirted with as you have with me?’

‘I shan’t tell you.’

She was disappointed and silent awhile.

‘What about that American girl?’ she began afresh.

‘What American girl?’

‘The one you told me gave you that little penknife.’

‘Well, what about her?’

‘Did you flirt with her as you have with me?’

‘Have I flirted with you?’ I repeated.

‘Do answer me,’ she said in an annoyed voice.

‘I shan’t tell you. Would you like me to throw the knife into the lake?’

'Oh, no. It would be too painful to you,' she said bitterly.

'Shall I give it to you?'

'I don't want it,' she said. She accepted it a few days later saying she did not care to have it, so I tried to take it back. We struggled a bit; she scratched my fingers and succeeded in keeping it.

'Here,' said I, 'do take it. You attach so much more value to it than I do.'

'Do I? I don't want it.'

We walked a long way in silence.

'Let's think of something amusing to talk about,' she said.

'I can't,' said I.

'Why?'

'I'm not in the humour.'

'What a bore! Our friendship is so dull when we don't flirt.'

'I can't help it. "We cannot kindle when we will the flame that once within us glowed."'

'Who said that?' she asked.

'A poet.'

'Did you ever say that to the American girl?'

'Never.'

'I suppose it wasn't necessary?'

'I can't remember; it was so long ago.'

'How long?'

'Two years or more. You know you're much nicer than she was.'

'I'm glad of that,' she said, brightening up.

I made no more observations.

'How dull you are! We're nearly home now,' she exclaimed, 'and you haven't said one nice thing.'

'I'm sorry.'

'I'm going to fish,' she said.

'It's not necessary; I'll say something without.'

'Here come mother and Sir Richard to meet us. Be quick,' she said.

'A real compliment?' I inquired.

'A true one.'

'I must think——'

'Do be quick!'

'A real gross compliment?'

'I don't mind, if it's true.'

'I can't think of one on the spur of the moment.'

'Isn't it coming?' she asked, as I remained silent.

'I was thinking,' said I.

'Do be quick!'

'I'm not sure that it isn't a sign of contempt to pay compliments.'

'So it's not coming?' she said, very visibly ruffled.

'No, it's not coming.'

We had reached Sir Richard and her mother. We were each of us annoyed with the other, I think. We walked home to the house, I with her mother and she with Sir Richard.

X.

I was out shooting next day from the early dawn, and did not get home till the party were at dinner. Conversation had become noisy when I came into the dining-room. There was a vacant chair besider her, and I sat in it.

'Why do you come and sit here?' she said in an undertone.

'Why shouldn't I?' I asked, tasting my soup.

'I don't want you. I shan't talk to you,' she said crossly.

'All right, we'll eat in silence.'

We did not do so for long.

'What's the matter?' I asked. 'I haven't seen you for an age: nearly twenty-four hours.'

'You know perfectly what's the matter.'

'What?'

'Why were you so disagreeable yesterday?'

'Was I? I'm sorry; did you mind?'

'I've got over it now. I did mind then.'

'Really?'

'I was getting rather silly. I'm glad the atmosphere cooled,' she said more kindly.

'Aren't you silly any more?'

'No.'

'Quite sure?'

'I never was on such terms with any one as we were till yesterday,' she confessed spontaneously.

'What do you think of "absence, does it make the heart grow cooler?"' I inquired.

'It's done us good. Is that why you went away for the whole day?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'And what effect has the absence had on you?'

'I come back absolutely devoted.'

'How nice! I was getting too silly yesterday. I'm so glad you brought me to my senses.'

'You're no longer cross?' I asked.

'No.'

'You were really yesterday?'

'I was really.'

She smiled at me, so I went on.

'I wish you'd accept that little knife and cement our friendship.'

'I don't want it.'

'I'll offer it you to-morrow and see,' said I, which I accordingly did with the result before mentioned.

In the evening she made me a present of a little silver pin which she was wearing. 'I owe you sixpence,' she said, 'which you lent me the other day. Here, I'll give you this instead.'

'I'll keep it for ever,' said I, putting it in my pocket-book.

She didn't answer.

XI.

So we were quite good friends again.

'Have you realised that this is our last week here?' she asked a day or two later as we were walking in the woods.

'It's very sad. When do you go?' I asked.

'On Monday mother and I go to Blair Mills.'

'And on Monday I go to London. I'm glad we go the same day.'

'Why?'

'It would be too hideously melancholy staying on after you'd gone,' I answered.

'We're getting quite into the hothouse atmosphere again,' she said.

'Do you mind?'

'I like it.'

'It was very amusing,' I observed.

'Very; and now there's less than a week more.'

'We must conceal our emotions when the parting comes,' I said.

'Don't call it a parting. We shall meet very soon.'

'In London?'

'That'll never be the same.'

'Why not?' I inquired.

'Everything will be different.'

'It will.'

'I shall go and take long walks in Eaton Square, and repeat our conversations,' she said.

'That'll be sad.'

'I shall think of such good things I might have said.'

'Yes,' said I.

'I shall have long talks by myself.'

'That'll be rather sentimental.'

'And it won't make the parting less painful,' said I.

'No, it won't. Let's not think of it.'

'Let's rather think of our next meeting,' said I.

'In London in November,' she said. 'How delightful it will be meeting again, won't it?'

I agreed.

XII.

The last day came. We were both painfully aware of it.

'I had such a good idea this morning, whilst I was doing my hair. I almost dropped the brush,' she said quite excitedly.

'What is it?'

'Why don't you write a story about it?'

'About what?'

'About us, of course.'

'Do you think it's wrong to amuse ourselves as we have?' she asked after a pause.

'Certainly not; why should it be?'

'I used to have scruples.'

'And now?'

'I've none since I met you.'

'I'm glad of that.'

'Have you never any scruples?' she asked.

'Very great scruples,' said I.

'Haven't you any now?'

'None.'

'Why not?'

'I've never pretended to be serious.'

'You were, though, at times.'

'Perhaps I was; you encouraged me. I was an honest, simple fellow before I met you.'

She laughed.

'All these last three weeks you've done nothing but encourage me to make love to you,' I went on.

'That's a nasty way of putting it.'

'It's the truth. You think I'm a flirt,' I went on again.

'You are one,' she said.

'You've made me one,' I retorted.

'Nonsense! It was there; I only brought it out.'

'At all events, you're the most desperate one I've ever met,' said I.

'Desperate what?'

'Desperate flirt, of course.'

'That doesn't come well from you,' she replied.

I was silent.

'How I should like to see you in love! Really in love, and suffering,' she exclaimed.

'Perhaps you will some day.'

'I'll devote my life to that.'

'To making me fall in love?'

'Yes. I think I know a girl who could do it.'

'You must introduce me to her,' I said.

There was a long pause.

'I want to ask something,' she began.

'Do.'

'I'm afraid.'

'Go on.'

'It's too late; I can't.'

'Nonsense, my dear Kitty!' said I.

'No, I ought to have struck while the iron was hot.'

'It is hot enough.'

'Well,' she began, hesitatingly, 'how do you know I'm not going back to London absolutely broken-hearted?'

'I don't think you'd ask me that question if you were,' I replied.

'Don't be so sure,' she said.

Those were our last words before the formal good-bye at the

door before a crowd of people. I repeated them to myself a thousand times in the next days.

'How do you know that I'm not going back to London broken-hearted?'

I was miserable. I cannot help believing she was rather miserable too.

However, we didn't show it at the door.

XIII.

Two months after we met at a dinner-party in London. We were surprised at meeting so soon. I did not know she was back in town. I took her in to dinner, and we talked the whole time about Glenmuch. Our conversation seemed as dull as ditch-water. We both were disappointed. We were both aware—most painfully—that we bored each other. Our attempts to get upon the old terms again were hideous failures. It was a dreadful evening of disillusionment.

'Good-bye,' she said, holding out her hand.

I retained it an instant longer than was necessary. She did not withdraw it, but we derived no satisfaction from this little affectionate demonstration.

'You were right in what you said at Glenmuch,' she whispered.

'What did I say?'

'"We cannot kindle when we will,"' she began.

'It seems so,' said I, 'doesn't it?'

Now I am every day expecting to hear that she is going to marry a man called Bibby, who has three country houses and a shining bald head.

I shall be very sorry for my part, for I do not believe she will be happy.

HORACE RAWDON.

FAMOUS TRIALS.

THE QUEEN AGAINST MADELEINE SMITH.

THE first week of July 1857 was perhaps the darkest crisis in the history of British India. Cawnpore had fallen. At Allahabad, Havelock was organising the force which was to avenge those whom he was too late to save. Henry Lawrence lay on his death-bed in the Residency at Lucknow, and far away on the ridge before Delhi, amid dysentery and cholera, the command of the beleaguering army was slipping from the dying hands of Barnard. News travelled slowly then, but enough was known in England to cause a thrill of horror, and to sicken with anxiety the hearts of all who had friends or kindred across the sea; yet during that period of anguish and suspense the thoughts of the public at home were even more closely occupied by a scene in the High Justiciary Court of Edinburgh, where for seven long days the life of a girl of one-and-twenty was hanging in the balance on a charge of foul and cold-blooded murder.

Madeleine Hamilton Smith was the daughter of a Glasgow architect. Her family was in comfortable circumstances, and while Mr. Smith was the owner of a country place at Rowaleyn, near Row on the Clyde, where the summer months were always spent, it was his custom to bring his wife and children—three daughters and two sons—to Glasgow for the winter. Madeleine was the eldest child, bright and attractive, and of remarkable beauty, if we are to trust the press of the day. Under ordinary circumstances nothing but happiness and usefulness seemed before her, when she was thrown in the way of a man who in life and death was to cast a sinister shadow over her career.

Among the clerks in the warehouse of the firm of Huggins & Co. there was serving at that time, on a salary of ten shillings a week and his board, a little Frenchman from Jersey named Pierre Emile L'Angelier. Of his antecedents and parentage no clear account can be obtained. He seems to have been born about 1827, and at an early period of his life to have been employed in some humble capacity in Edinburgh; thence he went to the Continent, and in 1851 he was in Edinburgh again, in great poverty and distress, living upon the bounty of a tavern-keeper and associating and sleeping in the same bed with the waiter of that establishment. From Edinburgh he went to Dundee and was in the service of a

nurseryman there, and in 1853 he entered the employment of Messrs. Huggins at Glasgow, where he remained till his death. In spite of his humble circumstances and sordid surroundings there must have been something to distinguish him from the ordinary run of clerks; his general acquaintance was above his station, and his manners and appearance brought him into society where his occupation perhaps was little suspected.

Amongst his friends at Glasgow was a boy named Robert Baird, whose family were acquainted with the Smiths, and through him L'Angelier succeeded, some time in 1855, in obtaining an introduction to Madeleine, an introduction effected in the public street, after he had in vain tried to induce young Baird to bring it about in the ordinary way of social intercourse. The acquaintance speedily ripened, but from the first it was clandestine. L'Angelier seems never to have made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, nor was he able to obtain admission to the social circles in which the family moved; but meetings were arranged, and in April, on the departure of the Smiths from Glasgow, a correspondence was entered into, the first letter being written by Madeleine and signed by the pet name of Mimi. Save for the fact that they were written without the consent of her parents and to a man who was unknown to them, there is little to take exception to in the earlier letters, and after a while they were discontinued at her request, on the ground that it was hopeless to expect her father's consent. In the winter the correspondence was resumed, growing more and more familiar and affectionate, and in December we find her addressing her lover as 'My own darling husband,' and signing herself 'Mimi L'Angelier.' Stolen interviews were arranged, a go-between was procured in the person of a Miss Perry, a sentimental single lady of the Fribsby type, who frequented the same church as L'Angelier; to her house Madeleine was brought as his affianced bride, and she undertook the delivery of letters and messages. In the spring of 1856 the parents discovered the correspondence, and were exceedingly angry. For the moment they succeeded in inducing their daughter to abandon her lover, but only for the moment. They were at that time residing in India Street, Glasgow, and one of the servants, Christina Haggart, influenced perhaps by the fact that she herself had a sweetheart, was won over; not only did she fetch letters from the post-office directed to her young mistress in a false name, but she was induced to open the back gate to

L'Angelier, and admit him to an empty laundry-room in the yard, where Madeleine would join him. The inevitable could not long be delayed: the letters grew warmer and warmer, a speedy marriage was spoken of, and early in May the girl fell an all too willing victim to her seducer. From that moment a terrible change came over the correspondence; as was said at the trial, she seemed to lose not merely her virtue, but her sense of decency; her letters showed as extraordinary a frame of mind and as unhallowed a passion as ever appeared in a court of justice. Side by side with this correspondence were constant meetings, and the guilty intimacy was frequently renewed both in the house in India Street, and in the neighbourhood of the country residence at Row. In November the family returned to Glasgow, taking part of No. 7 Blythswood Square for the winter, the portion occupied by them being the first floor and a sunk floor slightly below the level of the street. The letters went on unchecked, an elopement was contemplated, and the March of 1857 was tentatively fixed upon. But before March many things were to happen. As late as the 23rd of January Madeleine's letters breathe passion and affection, and express longing hopes for their marriage; with February comes a sudden change.

Among the intimate acquaintances of the Smith family was a Mr. Minnoch, a Glasgow merchant of good position and prospects. All through the winter he had been paying marked attentions to Madeleine. Early in January he presented her with a necklace, and on the 28th an engagement was entered into between them. Madeleine undoubtedly realised that her parents' refusal to her union with L'Angelier was irrevocable. She felt it would be folly to refuse an advantageous match, and a longer acquaintance with good society may have shown her earlier lover in a less favourable light.

The first thing to be done was to be off with the old love. Something in a letter of his gave her a pretext, and in a frigid note written early in February she said that as there was coolness on both sides the engagement had better come to an end, and appointed the following Thursday for the return of her letters and portrait. Not a word of Minnoch. But the unfortunate girl was soon to find that she had reckoned without her Frenchman. L'Angelier was not the man to keep to himself the fact of having achieved such a conquest. Her portrait had for months past occupied a place on the table in his lodgings; he had spoken to

his landlady, Mrs. Jenkins, of his 'intended,' nor had he been reticent to his friends and fellow-clerks. He had even confided his engagement, and the fact that he was carrying on a correspondence, to M. de Meau, of the French Consul's Office, who was on terms of friendship with the Smiths. The cashier at Messrs. Huggins's was a youth named Kennedy, and on the morning after the receipt of Madeleine's letter L'Angelier came to him in tears, and told him what had happened. Kennedy at once replied, 'You ought to give up the letters and be done with it,' but L'Angelier said that he was determined to keep them, and to show them to the girl's father; he added, 'I will never give them up; she shall never marry another man as long as I live.' All remonstrances were ineffectual, and on the 9th of February he wrote to Madeleine.

The letter has not been preserved, but its tenor is sufficiently plain from the above conversation and from the frantic appeals for mercy which the unhappy girl poured out to him in a couple of letters following each other with only a few hours' interval. Let one extract suffice. 'Emile, I have suffered much for you. I have lost much of my father's confidence, and my mother has never been the same to me. No, she has never given me the same kind look. For the sake of my mother spare me from shame. Oh, Emile, will you, in God's name, hear my prayer? I ask God to forgive me. I have prayed that he might put in your heart to spare me from shame. Never more while I live can I be happy. I am humbled, thus to crave your pardon. I blush to ask you; yet, Emile, will you not grant me this my last favour? If you will never reveal what has passed? Oh, for God's sake, for the love of heaven, hear me! I grow mad; I have been ill, very ill all day. I have had what has given me a false spirit; my brain is on fire. Denounce me not, Emile; Emile, think of our once happy days. I could stand anything but my father's hot displeasure. If he is to get our letters I cannot see him any more; and my poor mother! I will never more kiss her.'

The terms in which these letters had been couched, the frequent allusions to criminal intimacy contained in them rendered inexpressibly terrible the thought that they would be seen by a third person, and that third person her own father, whose displeasure she had already most justly incurred, and whom for more than a year past she had been systematically deceiving. Farewell to all hope of a marriage in her own sphere of life: exposure, ignominy, disgrace lay before her with the prospect of a union with her seducer

and blackmailer as the only possible way of extrication from the labyrinth in which her sin and folly had involved her. Her resolution was soon taken : she sought an interview with L'Angelier, obtained his pardon and effected a reconciliation—one of the terms being the continuance of the correspondence. Mimi still writes to her 'Dear, sweet pet,' 'Her dearest and beloved ;' there are still endearing terms and fond wishes for tender embraces, but the wild passion and unrestrained affection of her earlier letters are gone.

This reconciliation took place on February the 11th or 12th, and within a very few days L'Angelier was seized with a violent illness. The day cannot be fixed, but it was probably on the 19th. He had been quite well the night before, and had gone out, taking a pass key so as not to disturb the household ; in the morning he was found by his landlady on his bedroom floor, writhing with pain. He recovered in the course of the day and was able to go to his business. By Sunday the 22nd he was well enough to eat a hearty and rather unwholesome dinner at his lodgings. That evening, or rather on the Monday morning, he had a recurrence of the previous illness, but in a somewhat less violent form ; about four A.M. he called up his landlady, who did the best she could for him, and fetched Dr. Thomson, who was in the habit of attending him. The doctor took his complaint to be a bilious derangement, and after prescribing a draught, left him. The invalid gradually recovered, but he was confined to the house for a week, and, in the words of his landlady, he was never the same man again.

On March the 2nd he went to see Miss Perry, looking extremely ill. As he entered the room he said, 'Well, I never expected to have seen you again, I was so ill.' He said he had fallen on the floor, and been unable to ring the bell ; he did not mention the day of the first illness, but Miss Perry afterwards fixed it as the 19th, and he said he could not attribute his illness to any cause. On March the 9th, however, he again came to see Miss Perry, and told her of having had a cup of chocolate which had made him ill, adding, 'I can't think why I was so unwell after getting that chocolate from her.' He did not actually say that the severe illness which came on after the chocolate was the illness he had referred to on the 2nd of March, but she inferred that it was so, and was convinced that he spoke of two distinct attacks. Throughout the conversation he spoke of hardly anything but Miss Smith, and said, 'It's a perfect fascination, my attachment to that girl ; if she were to poison me I would forgive her.' Shocked at this and his earnest tone, Miss Perry remon-

strated, and said, 'What motive could she have for giving anything to hurt you?' L'Angelier replied, 'I don't know that; perhaps she might not be sorry to be rid of me.'

Indeed the toils were closing round the unhappy Madeleine. Her engagement to Minnoch was no secret; rumours of it had reached the ears of L'Angelier, and on March the 5th he had written to her, 'Answer me this, Mimi: who gave you the trinket you showed me? Is it true it was Mr. Minnoch? and is it true that you are directly or indirectly engaged to Mr. Minnoch or to any one else but me? These questions I must know.' And referring to a suggestion of hers that he should go to the Isle of Wight for his health, he asked her object in wishing him to go so far South. Madeleine's only answer was a denial—'Believe nothing till I tell you, sweet one of my heart; I love you and you only;' but the deception could not be maintained much longer. On the 6th of March she went to the Bridge of Allan with her family, and was there visited by Minnoch; a formal proposal of marriage was made, with her parents' full consent, and the wedding day was fixed for June the 18th. On the 16th Minnoch departed, and received on the following day a prim little note from Madeleine expressing her gratitude and devotion to him. On the 17th the Smiths returned to Glasgow.

During this eventful week L'Angelier also had been away. We have seen that he was with Miss Perry on March the 9th, a Monday, but he had obtained leave of absence from business on account of his health, and on the 10th he took lodgings at Edinburgh. While there he received a letter from Madeleine, saying that she should be at home about the 17th and would write to arrange an interview. On the 17th, a Tuesday, he returned to Glasgow, better in health, but low in spirits, and anxious for a letter. None came, however, and after waiting all Wednesday he started on Thursday the 19th for the Bridge of Allan, where he believed the Smiths still to be. After he had started a letter arrived, and his friend and fellow-lodger, Thuau, forwarded it on to Stirling, where L'Angelier received it on the 20th. The letter is lost, but on that day he wrote to Miss Perry, 'I should have come to see some one last night, but the letter came too late, so we are both disappointed.' On Saturday the 21st another letter for L'Angelier reached his Glasgow lodgings and was forwarded to Stirling. He received it on Sunday morning and started for Glasgow at once, going by train to Coatbridge and walking with a chance com-

panion the eight miles from Coatbridge to Glasgow, which places the train service left unconnected on Sundays. He seemed in excellent health, walked briskly, and reached his lodgings about eight, when he had some tea. He said he had been brought home by a letter, but should go back early the next morning, and he asked for the pass key, saying, 'I am not sure but I may be late.'

About half-past two in the morning Mrs. Jenkins was aroused by a violent pealing of the bell, and on going down and opening the door she found L'Angelier standing half doubled up with his arms across his stomach. He said, 'I am very bad, I am going to have another attack of that vomiting.' She helped him upstairs and applied remedies to the best of her power: he grew rapidly worse, and at 7 o'clock she fetched the nearest medical man, Dr. Steven, who describes the patient as being in a state of extreme mental and physical depression, with his hands and features shrunk and cold, and the pulse and the action of the heart weak. Still the doctor did not foresee immediate danger, and after prescribing morphia and a mustard poultice, he went out, saying that time and quiet were all that was wanted for recovery. L'Angelier knew better, and kept repeating, 'I am far worse than the doctor thinks.' About nine he told Mrs. Jenkins that he should like to see Miss Perry, and the kind old woman started off, supposing that it was to fetch 'the intended,' of whom he had so often spoken to her. She returned with the message that Miss Perry would follow, and L'Angelier asked her to draw the curtains, saying if he could but get five minutes' peace he would be better. These were his last words; when the doctor came in, about ten minutes afterwards, he was dead, and Miss Perry arrived too late. He had passed away without uttering a word as to how his time had been spent since he left the house on the previous evening.

Dr. Thomson was sent for by the fellow-lodger, Thuanu, and by Stevenson, a fellow-clerk. As a result of the consultation between the two medical men, and at the request of the employers of the deceased, a post-mortem was agreed upon. Meanwhile Stevenson had been examining the clothes lying on a sofa. In the vest pocket was a letter enclosed in an envelope and addressed to L'Angelier; it was undated and ran on in a strain of rhapsody which seemed to be borrowed from the Song of Solomon: 'Why, my beloved, did you not come to me? O, my beloved, are you ill? Come to me, sweet one; I waited and waited for you, but you came not. I shall wait again to-morrow night—same hour and arrangement. Oh

come, sweet love, my own dear love and sweetheart. Come, beloved, and clasp me to your heart; come and we shall be happy. A kiss, fond love. Adieu, with tender embraces. Ever believe me to be your own ever dear fond Mimi.'

M. de Meau has been already mentioned as one of L'Angelier's friends who was aware of the *liaison*. He was one of the first to hear of his death, and he felt it his duty to go on the Monday evening to Mr. Smith and inform him that the deceased had had in his possession a number of letters from his daughter Madeleine, which at all hazards should be prevented from coming under the eyes of strangers. The next morning M. de Meau went to try to obtain the letters for Mr. Smith, but the friends who had taken possession of L'Angelier's effects refused to deliver up anything. On the Wednesday he came back to Blythwood Square, and at Mr. Smith's request interviewed Madeleine in her mother's presence. He told her that it was known that L'Angelier had come from the Bridge of Allan on a special invitation by her, and that the circumstances of his death had given rise to grave suspicions, and he implored her to tell him if she had seen L'Angelier on the night of Sunday the 22nd. She answered that she had not seen him on that Sunday, or for more than three weeks previously. She added that she was not aware that he had been at the Bridge of Allan; that she had written to his Glasgow lodgings on Friday evening, giving him an appointment for the Saturday; that she had waited for him on that night, but he had not come, and on the Sunday she had neither expected nor seen him. She said that her object in making the appointment was to get back her letters.

With this answer M. de Meau had to depart, but the interview had driven the wretched girl to her wit's end. Early in the morning she got up without waking her little sister, who shared her bed, and fled her home. Her brother and her affianced husband went in pursuit, found her on the steamer going to Rowaleyn, and brought her back. Minnoch, who had not heard of the death of L'Angelier, behaved with the greatest consideration, and refrained from pressing her with questions; he was told that something unpleasant had occurred in connection with an old love affair.

During the week the whole of Madeleine's letters, together with some memoranda of L'Angelier, had come to light. On Saturday the 28th Doctors Thomson and Steven pronounced that

the appearance of the mucous membrane of the stomach, taken in connection with the history as related to them, was such as to justify a suspicion of death having resulted from poison. On the 31st the body was exhumed, and the contents of the stomach and portions of various organs were sealed up for investigation by chemical analysis. On that morning Minnoch saw Madeleine in her father's house, and of her own accord she alluded to a report that L'Angelier had been poisoned, and remarked that she had been in the habit of buying arsenic, as she had learned at school that it was good for the complexion. Later in the day she was arrested and her declaration taken. It was made with no appearance of hesitation or reserve, and with all apparent frankness and candour. The essential parts are as follows:

'I had not seen M. L'Angelier for about three weeks before his death, and the last time I saw him was on a night about half-past ten. On that occasion he tapped at my bedroom window, which is on the ground-floor. I talked to him from the window, which is stanchioned outside, and I did not go out to him, nor did he come in to me. The last note I wrote to him was on the Friday before his death. In consequence of that note I expected him to visit me on Saturday night the 21st at my bedroom window, in the same way as formerly mentioned, but he did not come and sent no notice. There was no tapping at my window on the Saturday or the Sunday night. I went to bed on Sunday night about eleven, and remained in bed till the usual time of getting up next morning. . . . I remember giving L'Angelier some cocoa from my window one night some time ago, but I cannot specify the time particularly. He took the cup in his hand and barely tasted the contents. I was taking some cocoa myself at the time, and had prepared it myself. . . . I have bought arsenic on various occasions. The last I bought was in Curry's shop, and prior to that I bought other two quantities of arsenic, for which I paid sixpence each, one of these in Curry's, and the other at Murdoch's. I used it all as a cosmetic and applied it to my face, neck, and arms, diluted with water. When I bought the arsenic in Murdoch's I said it was for a gardener to kill rats, because I did not wish them to know that I was going to use it as a cosmetic. . . . My object in writing the note before mentioned was to have a meeting with M. L'Angelier to tell him that I was engaged to Mr. Minnoch. I never administered or caused to be administered to M. L'Angelier arsenic or anything injurious.'

Madeleine was removed to the Glasgow prison on the charge of poisoning Pierre Emile L'Angelier. Much had to be done in the way of getting up the case, and it was not until the 30th of June that the trial commenced at Edinburgh before the High Court of Justiciary. The Lord Justice Clerk presided in a court of three judges. On behalf of the Crown there appeared the Lord Advocate, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Mackenzie. The prisoner was represented by the Dean of Faculty, Mr. Inglis, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk and eventually Lord Justice General; he was as great at the Bar as he afterwards proved to be on the Bench, as eloquent as he was learned. With him were Mr. Young, now Lord Young, and Mr. A. Moncrieff.

The papers of the time describe Madeleine as of middle height and fair complexion, an elegant figure, sharp and prominent features, restless and sparkling eyes; her brow was of the ordinary size, and her face inclined to the oval; in spite of prison life her complexion remained fair and fresh. She was dressed in rich brown silk, with a large brooch low set in the breast, a white straw bonnet simply trimmed with white ribbons, a white cambric handkerchief, and a bottle of smelling-salts in her kid-gloved hands. She is described as stepping into the dock with the air of a belle entering a ball-room. From the first to the last her demeanour was characterised by perfect repose mingled with an attitude of undaunted defiance. Only once did her composure give way; when her terrible letters were being read she covered her face with her hands.

The charges against Madeleine were three in number: administering arsenic with intent to murder on February 19, the like on February 22, and murdering by arsenic on March 22. In addition to the story as we have unfolded it, the following evidence was called. It was shown that death was undoubtedly caused by arsenical poisoning: not only was arsenic detected by chemical analysis in the intestines and the vital organs, but an enormous quantity of arsenic—nearly eighty grains—was found in the stomach itself. When it is taken into consideration that nearly as much again must have been vomited by the deceased, the total dose must have been enormous, for six grains of arsenic are more than sufficient to cause death. Cross-examination was directed to prove that doses of such a size are invariably found in cases of suicide rather than of murder, but Dr. Penny would not assent to this, saying that in all cases of poisoning by arsenic

more is used than is necessary, and that the amount found in the stomach in undoubted cases of poisoning by others has been considerably larger than what is necessary to occasion death; the very fact of poison being found in the stomach at all shows that more has been administered than is necessary, as it is not what is found in the stomach that causes death, but what disappears from it. The doctor also asserted that arsenic might be administered in large quantities in a liquid like cocoa or chocolate if boiled up with them, and not merely poured into the boiling fluid. Arsenic was declared to be tasteless, and both useless and dangerous as a cosmetic. The symptoms of the two attacks in February were consistent with arsenical poisoning.

With regard to the purchase of arsenic by the prisoner, the chemist's books showed that they had been made on February 21 and the 6th and 18th of March. The connection of the first and last of these purchases with the dates of the intermediate and the fatal attack is obvious, and it will be remembered that the 6th of March was the day on which the Smiths went to the Bridge of Allan, and it appeared from the correspondence that Madeleine was in dread of a meeting with L'Angelier there. The purchases had been made quite openly in her own name, on one occasion in the presence of a schoolfellow, and put down to her father's account. The prosecution entirely failed to show that she had any arsenic in her possession at the date of the first seizure in February, but she was proved to have made an unsuccessful attempt to purchase prussic acid six or eight weeks before her apprehension, which would be about the date of her rupture with L'Angelier and her despairing letters. Then came the possibility of the deceased having obtained access to the house in Blythswood Square. It was shown that the prisoner slept in a room on the ground or sunk floor with her youngest sister, but that the only other occupants of that floor were the servants, and it would have been quite possible for her clandestinely to admit any one either by the front or the back door. On one occasion Christina Haggart had left the back door open at night at the prisoner's request, and some one had come in and gone into her bedroom together with her young mistress, while she remained in the kitchen till the visitor had gone out. L'Angelier was proved to have been close to Blythswood Square about ten o'clock on the night of Sunday, March 22, and evidence of a not very conclusive character was called to show that he had not purchased arsenic anywhere in Glasgow.

With this material the Lord Advocate addressed the jury. It was evident that the case suffered from overloading. The prosecution sought to prove too much; if they could establish that at the date of each of the three attacks the prisoner had arsenic in her possession, and that each of the attacks was immediately preceded by a meeting between the prisoner and the deceased, then the conclusion was irresistible, but this they were far from doing. No arsenic could be traced to her on the first occasion, and the open manner in which the subsequent purchases had been effected rendered this the more remarkable. There was no direct proof that they had ever actually met either on February 22 or on the fatal Sunday night in March. Mrs. Jenkins had forbidden to question her lodger from motives of delicacy, no statement had been made to the doctor, and Miss Perry, the confidante, arrived to find L'Angelier dead.

But allowing for all this, the case, as presented by the Lord Advocate, was a very damning one. The history of the intrigue was traced up to the desperate condition to which Madeleine was reduced in February and March, her difficulties culminating with the formal betrothal to Minnoch of the 16th of the latter month. The internal evidence of the letters pointed to frequent meetings in the house. The prisoner's declaration on this point was shown to be false by Christina Haggart's evidence. A conversation of the deceased with Miss Perry went to fix an interview for February 19, and it was clear that he connected his two illnesses in that month with chocolate he had received from Madeleine. The cosmetic explanation was false, put forward most suspiciously, and disproved by the scientific evidence. Lastly, did they meet on the Sunday night? He minutely traced L'Angelier's movements on that day from Stirling to his Glasgow lodging, which he quits in full health and spirits, leaving no doubt that he was bound to keep the tryst which had brought him home so unexpectedly. 'He is seen sauntering along in the direction of Blythswood Square about twenty minutes past nine. He knows that they have prayers on Sunday night; to beguile the time he goes to call on an acquaintance, but does not find him at home. The maidservant recognised him, and says he was there about half-past nine. Here we lose sight of him for two or three hours; but there is no attempt to show that any mortal man saw him anywhere else than the only place he was going to. He went out with the determination of seeing her, and you cannot believe that

he would give up his purpose within one hundred yards of the house.' He knew how to make his presence known at the window; fear of noise and detection must have made her open it, even if she did not expect or wish to see him; and once establish that they met on that night, and inference would give place to certainty.

The Dean of Faculty replied in a speech of extraordinary power and eloquence. He first painted the character of L'Angelier—an unknown adventurer, vain, conceited, and pretentious, boastful of his personal attractions, ever courting the society of ladies above him in station, and endeavouring to push his fortune by means of marriage; of changeable and excitable character, frequently threatening suicide while suffering from disappointment in love. Then he grappled with the three successive illnesses. Number one, he maintained, had really taken place not on the 19th—for the date had been improperly suggested to Miss Perry in her preliminary examination—but on the 13th, which tallied with the evidence of the landlady. In any event, the prisoner could not be shown to have had arsenic in her possession at the time, and the prosecution were in this dilemma, either that the deceased was ill from the effects of arsenic on the first occasion, in which case it must have been administered by other hands, or that he was ill from some other cause—a fact which destroyed the whole theory and foundation of the prosecutor's case. With regard to the illness on February 22, there was no proof that the parties had met between that date and the purchase of the arsenic on the 21st; or, indeed, that L'Angelier left his lodgings at all that night. And as to the fatal Sunday, the Dean maintained that while appointments were made for Thursday and Saturday there was none for Sunday, and he never made a visit to the house except by preconcert. 'Having broken his appointment for the Thursday, he never supposed he could procure an appointment on the Friday. He waited till he got another letter, and when he broke his appointment on the Saturday, why should he expect to have one on the Sunday? On the Sunday night the family are at prayers; the servants come downstairs and go to bed one by one, the cook not retiring till eleven. The prisoner and her youngest sister descend to their bedroom between half-past ten and eleven. They take half an hour to undress. The prisoner goes to bed with her sister, and, so far as human evidence goes, the house is undisturbed and unapproached up to the following morning.'

Then the Dean suggested the hypothesis of suicide, relying on some unsatisfactory evidence as to L'Angelier's tendencies that way, and on some even less dependable testimony as to purchases of laudanum and of a white powder that might have been arsenic, made on the evening of Sunday the 22nd by a man resembling the deceased. He also insisted that experiment had demonstrated that the external use of arsenic, though dangerous and foolish, could be made without injurious effects.

Lastly, where was the motive? Desperate as was the prisoner's plight between her affianced and her discarded lover, what she had most to fear were her letters; as long as L'Angelier lived it was possible to cajole him, to buy his silence; if he were dead and the letters undestroyed, nothing could prevent them falling into the hands of strangers. A person who could scheme and plot such a cold-blooded murder must have had the foresight to see its inevitable consequences in the discovery of her shame. Her declaration was true. Her flight on the Thursday should not be reckoned against her; it was not from justice but from her father's wrath. 'She was bowed down and fled while the charge of her own unchastity was all that was brought against her, but she stood erect and proudly conscious of her innocence when she was met with this astounding and monstrous charge of murder.'

In summing up, the Lord Justice Clerk directed an acquittal on the first charge of administering arsenic, owing to the absence of any proof that the prisoner had arsenic in her possession at that time; and with regard to the second charge, he said that it was only inference that this illness was caused by arsenic. He gave no encouragement to the theory of suicide, but he pointed out that the failure of this explanation did not suffice to establish the prisoner's guilt. There could be no doubt that it was the prisoner's letter which brought L'Angelier to the Bridge of Allan. In ordinary matters of life they would have no hesitation in coming to the conclusion that the parties had met, but here the result of such an inference must be that their meeting ended in the administration of poison. Did the evidence justify an inference leading to so tremendous a result?

The jury, after an absence of half an hour, acquitted the prisoner on the first charge, and on the second and third found a verdict of Not Proven by a majority of votes. The judge said he entirely concurred with their decision. The verdict was received with wild applause in court. The prisoner's courage and demean-

nour had won the favour of the crowd, and the large sum expended on her defence had been raised twice over by subscription among the Glasgow merchants.

It is nearly forty years ago that Madeleine Smith vanished from history. The curious resemblance afforded in many points by the Maybrick case revived a languid curiosity in her story, but otherwise it has been forgotten, south of the border at any rate.

When a highly distinguished judge, who has presided over a prolonged case, testifies his entire concurrence with the decision of the jury, it may well seem an impertinence for any one else to do the same. At all risks, however, the writer wishes it to be understood that he most respectfully concurs with his Lordship, and cannot be too emphatic in declaring that he has not been influenced by any desire to challenge or disturb the verdict, but has been led to tell this story by its human and tragic interest, by its baffling conflict of testimony, and by the picture which it gives of a Scotch criminal trial at its best. There have been Lord Presidents besides Weir of Hermistoun.

J. B. ATLAY.

TWO MIRACLES.¹

THERE was no more honest girl in all Venice than Catina, but then every sensible person knows that there is reason in all things. For instance, if you are a gondolier employed by a rich foreigner, there can be no possible harm in taking a few sticks of his firewood from time to time. Else why did the good God create foreigners? Similarly it would be foolish to say that a maid cannot borrow a little *poudre de riz* from the *parona*. Nobody, except Father Biagio, who is so strict that he has always been as poor as a mouse, would call that dishonest.

In this way reasoned Catina, the day that she happened to find a box labelled *poudre de riz* in the laboratory of the German professor who was spending the winter in Venice, and in whose family Catina was employed. It struck her as odd that the professor should use powder, but the ways of these foreigners are past finding out. Perhaps he used it to hide the stains that he was constantly making on his hands with his ridiculous chemicals. At any rate, Catina knew that she could put the powder to a good use, and accordingly she slipped it into her pocket.

This happened early one morning, and by noon the professor had discovered the loss of the box of powder, and had roundly charged Catina with stealing it. Foreigners have no delicacy, being only half civilised, and wholly heretical. Catina naturally denied that she had ever touched the box, and expressed the opinion that it had been carried off by rats. But the professor was a hasty-tempered man, and he was so well convinced that Catina was at fault, that he summarily dismissed her, and ordered her to leave his house without an instant's delay. It was only a step to her home, which was in the parish of Santa Maria del Giglio, and Catina had reached home, and thrown herself sobbing into her mother's arms, long before the professor had found time to inform his wife that he had dismissed the maid for theft and lying.

Catina's mother was indignant at the foul and unjust accusation which had been brought against her daughter, and greatly admired the box of powder, which she hinted would improve her own complexion. Catina, however, did not care to share it with

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her mother or any one else, and as the hour of the 'Ave Maria' was drawing near, she dried her tears, dressed herself in her best shawl, and after profusely sprinkling her pretty face with the dearly bought powder, she went to her parish church to say her prayers. She was, like her mother, very devout in the observance of her religious duties, and the only thing in connection with the box of powder which troubled her was the reflection that so long as it lasted she could not possibly go to confession. Don Biagio was the very pearl of priests, being as kind and sympathetic as he was good, and he was notoriously the most pious man in Venice, next, of course, to the Archbishop-patriarch. If Catina confessed that she had borrowed the powder, with, of course, the full intention of restoring nearly the whole of it to its original owner, Don Biagio would instantly order her to take it back to the Professor, and would refuse to give her absolution until she had obeyed him. So the only thing for her to do was to stay away from confession until she had used up all the powder, and then, when the priest should order her to return it, she could triumphantly inform him that there was nothing left to return.

Entering the church, which was already dim with the shadows of twilight, Catina glanced around to see if by any chance the handsome and rascally young gondolier Zorzi might be waiting for her, but he was not there. Zorzi, though he was religious up to a certain point, cared little for church-going. That was one of the reasons why Catina's father, who was notorious for his piety, refused to permit him to marry Catina. Zorzi's youthful follies—his occasional drunkenness, his fondness for wasting his earnings in gambling, and his injudicious habit of charging foreigners ten times the amount of his legal fare, instead of being satisfied with, say, three times, might have been forgiven by Catina's father; but the fact that Zorzi seldom went to church, except on Easter and Christmas, and that he was suspected of being little better than a freethinker, made the old man an inexorable opponent of the marriage which his daughter so much desired.

Catina knelt at the side chapel, where there is the enchanting statue of the Virgin dressed in a scarlet petticoat, and a head-dress of real Burano lace. She said her beads mechanically, for her mind was on Zorzi, and she was anxious to tell him of the atrocious treatment she had received from the German professor, and to enjoy his sympathy. However, she went entirely through with her rosary, and when she rose to depart it was quite dark,

except where the altar candles twinkled. As she turned towards the other worshippers a cry of astonishment and alarm greeted her. In another moment every one was crying out that a miracle had been performed, and Catina found herself the centre of a throng of excited people. Don Biagio, who had just finished the vesper service, pushed his way into the crowd to ascertain what was the matter, and when he perceived that Catina's face was glowing with a brilliant phosphorescent light, he, too, exclaimed in devout thankfulness, that a miracle had come to pass in his own parish church.

Catina was soon made aware of what had happened, and although she was at first a little frightened to discover that her face had become luminous, she was proud of having been selected for such a marvellous manifestation of the power of the Blessed Virgin. It was clear, said Don Biagio, that Catina's face had been made to shine in that wonderful way while she was engaged in prayer, and without doubt the meaning of the miracle was that the Blessed Virgin was touched by Catina's devotion, and, furthermore, that she meant to show in an unmistakable way that Catina had a vocation for the religious life. 'You all know,' said the good priest, 'that little Catina is one of the best of girls, and I have often wished that she could be numbered with the holy nuns who spend their lives in prayer. There can now be no doubt as to her vocation, and all the world shall know that it was in our own beloved church that this miracle has been vouchsafed to call the fairest of our daughters into the fold of safety.'

Catina was, at the entreaty of the priest, permitted to go home alone, instead of being followed by a crowd of enthusiastic friends. She drew her shawl close up to her eyes, so that her face should not shine on the graceless public, and when her father fell on his knees before her in gratitude that so glorious a miracle should have been wrought on his own child, she felt prouder than ever. But, at the same time, she was not pleased at Don Biagio's suggestion that she should become a nun. Undoubtedly she was devout, but she was also young and healthy. She loved the sunshine and the good things of this world. Moreover, she loved Zorzi. To give up him and the world, in order to spend her days in a gloomy convent, was by no means what she wished to do. In fact, she silently determined that, whatever her father and Don Biagio and the Blessed Virgin herself might say, she would not be a nun if she could possibly help it. So long as her face continued to

shine she would gladly reap all the glory that pertained to that miraculous manifestation, but in the meantime she would consult with Zorzi as to how to escape the dreaded convent without at the same time wrecking her reputation as a girl of such rare piety that the Madonna had made her face to shine, precisely like the face of Moses when he descended from Mount Sinai.

The next morning Catina's face had ceased to shine, and she was both encouraged and disappointed. There were still many of her friends who had not witnessed the miracle of the preceding night, and some of them being envious and malicious, as one's friends so often are, would be sure to say that the whole thing was a delusion. On the other hand, the fact that her face was no longer luminous might be interpreted as an evidence that the Blessed Virgin had changed her mind in regard to Catina's future, and that there was no longer any necessity that she should become a nun. All that day she sat modestly in a corner of the room, receiving the scores of men and women who had heard of the miracle, and came to congratulate her. It was the next thing to being the Queen of Italy. Catina felt that she was the most important person in Venice, and that, whatever happened, the signal favour shown to her by the Madonna would for ever separate her from ordinary girls. As she sat with her eyes cast down, and her hands clasped in her lap, she felt as if she was almost as good as the blessed saints themselves, and that if one could only be a pure and holy nun, in a becoming white robe, and at the same time marry Zorzi and dance at every opportunity, she would at once confess that she had a vocation.

That evening Catina went to vespers accompanied by her mother, who had resolved to point out to the Madonna that she was Catina's mother, and as such deserved a share of whatever blessing might be given to the girl. Catina's face did not shine when she entered the church. To that dozens of people who were waiting on the doorstep were prepared to swear, but as Catina knelt before the altar, and the shades of evening deepened, the mysterious light once more shone from her face, and the excitement of the worshippers again burst all bounds. This time the girl was escorted to her home by hundreds of men, women, and children, and the police were actually compelled to use some little force to clear a passage through the choked and narrow *calle*.

Now it is self-evident that when one is selected to be the subject of a glorious miracle, one should hasten to confess and be

absolved. Catina instinctively knew this to be true, but she dreaded to go to confession on account of that affair of the box of powder. Nevertheless, when Don Biagio called at her father's house, and told her that she must come to confession that very morning, she did not dare to refuse obedience. What was worse, if possible, than the impending loss of the powder-box, was the growing certainty that she would have to go into a convent, unless she was willing to brave both her father and the priest, and to incur the risk of being ignominiously driven from home. Don Biagio and Catina's father discussed the question of her entrance into the convent at much length, and she was alarmed to learn that the priest had already made arrangements for her novitiate at the convent of Santa Chiara. When she timidly ventured to say that she did not think she had a vocation, her father angrily ordered her to be silent, and the priest waved his hand deprecatingly, and said that she was far too modest in her estimation of her own worth. It was a terrible position for a young girl who had not the slightest desire to leave the world, and as Catina recognised the danger in which she stood she became indignant at the Madonna. Why could not the Madonna leave her in peace? Why should a miracle be lavished on her, when she had never so much as asked for it? Of course she knew that the Madonna meant well; but how much better it would be if she would ask young girls what they wanted before undertaking to map out their lives for them!

Early the next morning Catina went to confession, with her box of powder in her pocket. She knew that she would be compelled to return it to its owner, and she intended to go straight from the church to the house of the German professor. Her confession cost her little trouble until she came to the matter of the powder-box. She told Don Biagio that she had borrowed this box intending to return it after having taken the very smallest conceivable pinch, but that she had inadvertently carried it home with her.

'Did the *paron* know of this?' asked the confessor.

'He knew nothing of it,' replied Catina. 'It is true that he said I had stolen the box, for he was a German pig, but he did not know that I had it, else he would have taken it out of my pocket.'

'And I suppose you denied that you had taken it,' pursued the priest.

'By no means,' replied the girl. 'Naturally, I said that I had not stolen it, which was absolutely true, for borrowing a trifling little thing is not stealing it. Besides, the *paron* was only a foreigner. If he had asked me if it was in my pocket, and I had said no, it would have been untrue, but I was very careful not to tell a lie, for I know well that it is generally wrong to lie.'

'My daughter,' said Don Biagio, 'you have sinned. You have stolen the property of your employer, and you have told him a lie. It is in vain that you try to deceive yourself. Now you must take that box back to the German at once, and be sure that you do not take another pinch of the powder. Unless you promise to do what I tell you I cannot give you absolution, and it would be a shameful thing if one on whom a miracle has been wrought should remain an unabsolved sinner.'

Catina gave the required promise, for she could not help herself; when you have once confessed you must take the consequences, whatever they may be. As she was leaving the church a happy thought came to her. She would find Zorzi, and send the box to its owner by him. This would save her the humiliation of returning it personally, and would also enable her to consult her lover as to the possibility of avoiding the threatened convent. So she hastened to the *traghetto* where Zorzi was to be found, earnestly hoping that he would be quite sober and more than usually reasonable.

Zorzi was delighted to see her. He had just charged an English tourist two francs for ferrying him across the canal, instead of the lawful five centimes, and he was in the very best of spirits. He had already heard of the miracle, for nothing can happen in Venice that is not known within the next hour by every gondolier in the city, but he had supposed either that the miracle was a delusion on the part of the faithful, or that it was a trick on the part of Don Biagio. Knowing the truthfulness of Catina, he consented to believe that the miracle was genuine, and was correspondingly alarmed. He assured Catina that nothing could be more dangerous than to become the subject of a miracle, and he invented, on the spur of the moment, a friend to whom St. Mark had personally appeared, who had been ordered by the saint to go instantly to Chioggia. 'He went,' said Zorzi solemnly, 'and having dined well he fell into a dispute with a scoundrelly Chioggiate, and was stabbed dead in an

instant.' Zorzi did not hesitate to say that, in his judgment, the Madonna meant mischief by causing Catina's cheeks to shine, and he feared that unless Catina would quit her father's house, and place herself under the protection of a brave and devoted lover, she would end by being forced into the convent. As Catina knew perfectly well that until Zorzi could gather together enough money to buy a gondola, he could not possibly find food and lodging for her, she rejected his proposal with the natural indignation of a good and careful girl. However, she soon forgave him, and found no difficulty in inducing him to promise to carry the powder-box, which she left with him, to the house of the German professor, and to inform him that it had been sent from Salviati's glass magazine, where doubtless his Excellency had inadvertently left it.

When Catina had left him Zorzi unwrapped the box, and taking it under the *felze* of his gondola proceeded to examine it. The blinds of the *felze* were closed, and the cabin was rather dark. When Zorzi opened the box he was astonished to find that the powder with which it was nearly filled was luminous. He took a little of it between his thumb and finger, and those dark-coloured members instantly glowed with a brilliant phosphorescence. A still greater light shone into Zorzi's mind, for he now understood the nature of the miracle of Catina's shining face. The German professor had evidently mixed some chemical with the powder which made it shine in the dark, and the explanation of Catina's shining cheeks was simply that she had powdered them before going to church.

As has been said, Zorzi, whether justly or unjustly, had the reputation of being a freethinker, and was looked upon unfavourably by the priests and all religious people. He knew that if he betrayed the true nature of the miracle he would merely increase his unpopularity, and this he had no desire to do. It would be much simpler to keep his own counsel, and to discover some means of making the wonderful powder useful to himself. Suddenly an idea came to him. Why should he not become the subject of a miracle, especially one which would induce Catina's father to consent to her marriage, and to pay the dowry of a thousand francs which it was well known that he was able to pay? Zorzi rapidly laid his plans, and when the hour for vespers arrived the crowd which had assembled in the church in the hope of witnessing a repetition of the now famous miracle were surprised to

find the graceless Zorzi kneeling close to the altar, and apparently engaged in the most earnest devotions.

Catina did not come to church that evening. She had gone home after her interview with Zorzi, and had decided to spend the rest of the day in weeping over her lost box, and the unhappy situation in which she was placed. She wept vigorously for the next two hours, and then, informing her mother that she was suffering from a headache properly of the devil, she went to bed, and abandoned all idea of appearing at church. The disappointed people who turned their heads every time the great curtain of the church door swung to admit a new-comer, must have had their devotions sadly interrupted, and all to no purpose, for Catina did not appear. However, they were not to be entirely disappointed, for when the service was ended, and Zorzi rose to depart, it was discovered that his sunburnt face was shining even more brilliantly than Catina's had shone on the previous evening.

It was certainly amazing that this notorious unbeliever should receive this signal mark of the Madonna's favour, and for a moment the faith of good Don Biagio was shaken. But he instantly remembered that it was not for him to find fault with the conduct of the Madonna, and he felt sure that some great and good purpose would be served by this new miracle. To the priest and the questioning throng, Zorzi explained that he had gone into the church to pray that he might win the hand of Catina, and that he had asked the Blessed Virgin to give him a sign by which he might know whether his request would be granted or refused. 'That is all I know about it,' said Zorzi humbly. 'Our friends here tell me that my face shines precisely as Catina's shone. If that be true, surely it is the sign for which I asked, and it means that it is the will of the Madonna that Catina should be given to me.'

There was no gainsaying this argument, and Don Biagio, although he was loth to abandon the theory that Catina had been marked out for the convent, was obliged to yield to the evidence of his senses. In the case of Zorzi the miracle had been wrought in response to a request for a sign, and the fact that it was the same miracle that had been vouchsafed to Catina, pointed irresistibly to the conviction that it was the will of Heaven that Catina and Zorzi should be married. He accompanied Zorzi at once to Catina's house, and interceded for him with the father. Stern as the latter was, and bitterly as he disliked Zorzi, he was above all a religious man, and he never dreamed for a moment of

disregarding the evident desire of the Madonna. Accordingly, he promised Zorzi that Catina should be his wife, and that the dowry of one thousand francs should be duly paid. Whereupon Zorzi went to his lodgings with his cloak wrapped close about his face, and, after removing the powder with soap and water, spent the evening with his comrades, drinking moderately, and maintaining the serious demeanour becoming one who had just been made the subject of a miracle.

Zorzi and Catina were married as soon as the banns could be said, and after Zorzi had become the owner of his own gondola, and had secured a situation as the private gondolier of a rich American, he became quite a model of sobriety and industry. He never confided to his wife, nor to any one else, the true nature of the miracle wrought in the church of Santa Maria del Giglio, and he never returned the box of luminous powder to its real owner. One never knows when a miracle may be useful, and if you have in your possession the means of working an impressive miracle, it would be the height of folly not to retain possession of it. Zorzi kept the box hidden under the bottom boards of his gondola, and it is very possible that the miracle of the shining face may be repeated some of these days for the benefit of either Zorzi or some member of his rapidly growing family.

W. L. ALDEN.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF A POET.

IT WAS at Brussels, in the auction rooms at the corner of the streets Leopold and Wiertz, that the incident happened. My friend was an Englishman, but he had lived long in the country and had acquired a taste for the Belgian arts that seemed almost native, and that made him something of a collector. The sale at the rooms was to be very similar to a sale at Sotheby's, and the catalogue referred to original manuscripts and first editions, and to a hundred things loved by the curioso. My friend was present in the hope of securing some early engravings, and I was with him as part of the idleness of a holiday. We were early, and while awaiting the time of the sale we looked together at the catalogue, and he entertained me with talk of this and that entry.

'This number should be interesting,' he said, pointing to a line on the first page, 'the love-letters of Guitine, our poet of love. Keats's letters, you remember, were sold in London not long ago, and one of your versemakers wrote a lamenting sonnet. Guitine was not so great a poet as Keats, but his passion for Jetta Teterol was as wildly spoken as the other's for Fanny Brawne. Your versemaker was right; it is hard that because a man has given part of his soul to the world the world should want the whole. But the curious are innocent of modesty; and—yes, the number should be interesting.'

'There will be a fight for the letters, you think?' I said.

'Yes, probably. Guitine has something of a vogue just now. The women are discovering that he wrote as in their best hours they think. And indeed it was a tender womanly muse. The little man standing by the table—him with the glasses I mean—will, I think, get them. He is a professor at the university, and doubtless meditates an article in one of the reviews. Himself without sentiment, he will criticise their sentiment. Already he has written more than one unkind thing about the Guitine morals; the letters will give him yet a new text.'

For a moment or two I looked at the professor's hard thin face, and sympathised with the dead poet; then, as the auctioneer mounted to his place and commenced the day's sale, I turned my eyes to one and another in the room. Mostly the crowd was of men,

dealers or chance buyers; but here and there were women with the usual catalogue and pencil, and among them was one whose dress and manner interested me even to curiosity. Near to us she stood, impatiently buttoning and unbuttoning a glove, and I saw that she was pretty, but somewhat too well dressed, and somewhat too freely jewelled.

‘Do you know,’ I asked my friend, ‘who is the girl a little to our right?’

He looked, and slightly shrugged his shoulders, and said: ‘Yes, she is Marie Carbara, one of the actresses at the new theatre. This season she rides in the mornings with the Baron Dégremont, next season she will ride with some one else. She is only a minor actress, but you see her cloak and the brooch clasping it. They are all alike, these pretty singers and dancers; all love the sunshine and the butterfly life. What brings Marie here I do not know, nor what makes her so angry with her glove. The boudoir wants a picture, perhaps, and the Baron has unchivalrously left it to her to buy. That was very little for the Louis vases. Ah, here are the Guitine letters; they will fetch more.’

The auctioneer spoke of the poet, and of his love for Jetta Teterol, and of his writings to her; again I looked about the room to one and another. Many seemed little interested in the bundle of yellow sheets, but a few seemed likely bidders. The professor was listening to the auctioneer’s words and smiling as one amused; other men, who knew less than the professor, were listening with more humility; the girl Marie had ceased to play with her glove, and held one hand lightly in the other. At the girl I looked longer than at the men; she had an earnestness of expression that was pretty to see, an earnestness that presently gave me an idea.

‘It is not a picture that has brought Mademoiselle Carbara here,’ I said to my friend; ‘it is these letters. Look at her.’

‘She is certainly concerned for them; perhaps you are right,’ he replied. ‘As I said, the women are beginning to read and to love Guitine; and—yes, perhaps you are right. Still, my man speaks first, and he is not likely soon to give in.’

The professor moved his glasses forward a little and said ‘Ten francs,’ and the bidding commenced. ‘Twenty,’ said the girl Marie, and I noticed the pleasantness of her voice, and was glad my idea had not been wrong. ‘Thirty,’ said a man to my left; ‘Thirty,’ replied the auctioneer.

'Yes, it is a fight,' said my friend, as ten by ten the offer rose, 'but between our two people only. The other is an agent, and will presently reach his limit; indeed, already he seems to have reached it.'

'Two hundred,' said the girl. 'And ten,' said the professor. 'Two hundred and fifty,' said the girl, her cheek flushing a little. 'Three hundred,' said the professor, his mouth hardening.

The third bidder had become silent, and the fight was now clearly between the two. At one end of a table the girl stood, looking earnestly to the auctioneer and the bundle of letters before him; at the other the man, looking angrily at the girl. Within me was a hope that she, and not he, would be the last to speak.

'Four hundred.'

'Five hundred.'

'Six hundred.'

There was a movement of interest in the room. The offers were not large—a picture had just before been sold for several thousands; but they seemed large for the few sheets of faded writing. They came, too, the one more quickly following another than in the other sales; there was no delay of calculation or doubt. The excitement of those who watched was very natural.

'A thousand.'

'Fifteen hundred.'

'Carbara wins,' said my friend; 'the professor will go but little higher. How angry the man looks!'

'Two thousand.'

'Two thousand five hundred,' said the girl.

'Two thousand five hundred,' said the auctioneer, and waited for an advance.

'Two thousand five hundred,' he repeated, looking questioningly at the professor.

A shake of the head was the reply, and people knew that the fight was over. With an assumption of indifference the professor moved his glasses yet more forward, and began anew to turn the pages of his catalogue.

'Two thousand five hundred,' said the auctioneer again; and in the moment after the sale was finished. Jetta Teterol's letters had passed to Marie Carbara; and Jetta Teterol had been dead a hundred years.

One of the assistants took the bundle to carry it to a side

room, and the auctioneer began to speak of the next number; and again, as if in impatience, the girl fell to buttoning and unbuttoning her glove. But suddenly, still in impatience, she ceased, and, putting out her hands, said—

‘Pardon, but if I may I will have them now. Will you give them me, please? Here are notes for the amount—two of a thousand and one of five hundred. There is no objection?’

‘There is no objection,’ replied the auctioneer smilingly. ‘It is not quite usual, but there can be no objection.’ Then to his clerk he said, ‘Take the notes, please, and give Mademoiselle Carbara the letters. Mademoiselle Carbara we all know and admire. Certainly she may have them.’

As the girl took the bundle and loosened the string which bound it, there were probably none in the room who were not gazing at her. Most, like myself, were amused at her eagerness; one or two were a little contemptuous; the professor was resentfully frowning. Nearer to her than some I stood, and so better than some I can tell what in the next minutes she said and did.

There were perhaps twenty or thirty letters; the uppermost one she unfolded and read. Quickly from beginning to end she read it; then placed it again with the rest; then said as if to herself—

‘Son cœur est un luth suspendu ;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne ;’

and then looked irresolutely from side to side.

But little time did she so stand. ‘Pardon,’ she said, and stepped past the man next to her; and ‘Pardon’ again, and stepped past me to the room corner where was a dully burning fire. As I moved to give her space, I began to understand what now she would do, and wondered and watched.

First she took the letter she had read and glanced at it again, and then with sudden movement thrust it among the coals. Then, one by one, she took the others and dropped them, so that one by one they touched the flame and were alight. Then, when the last yellow sheet had burned to blackness, with her foot she crushed it and the rest to powder; then smiled and turned towards the door.

There had been silence during the time—it was but a minute or two that this was doing; and now as she stepped across the floor there was whispering only. But as she neared the door, men began to understand what she had done and they had seen;

there had been sentiment, there had been poetry in the action; the spirit had been the spirit of love. A sudden noise of clappings filled the room; for a moment she paused as if startled; then smiled, and bowed, and went on into the street.

'This has been fine,' said my friend, 'very much finer than your versemaker and his sonnet. Even the professor was quiet and admiring. And the girl reads Béranger; the lines were perfect. What do you think of it all?'

'What do I think of it all? Oh, I envy the Baron Dégremont,' I said.

EDGAR TURNER.

FREEMASONRY AND THE ROMAN CHURCH.¹

WHEN I was at Oxford I became a Freemason, for no better and no worse reason than the fact that the men who composed my set had all done or were about to do so, and not to join them would have been an appreciable severance of our daily, almost hourly, companionship. Moreover, many of my out-college friends were also Masons, and, from all I heard, the society appeared to constitute a kind of convivial club, respectably conducted, resting on a ground of religious, or at all events philanthropic, work; and, no doubt, these convivial and social reasons had attracted my friends. There was a Chaplain of the lodge, an excellent clergyman; there was a Grand Chaplain of the central lodge in London; and certainly no one of whom I ever heard at Oxford objected to Masonry on moral grounds. Some thought it led to foolish and needless expense, but the same might have been said of many undergraduate pursuits. I may or may not have heard that the Roman Church objected to Freemasonry, but if I thought of the matter at all, it would have seemed like the prohibition of flesh meat on Fridays, a mere vexatious rule which did not affect me.

There were two lodges in Oxford, the 'Apollo,' or University, and the 'Alfred,' or City lodge, though a few University men belonged to the latter. The 'Apollo' was free from restriction of age, and had the privilege of enrolling any undergraduate, though as a rule Masons in England must be of the full age of twenty-one years. This does not appear to be the case in France, if any trust is to be placed in the 'confessions' of a person calling himself Leo Taxil, who became a Mason when a mere youth.

I joined the Apollo Lodge, was duly initiated, passed through the three Degrees subject to Grand Lodge, and became an officer of the lodge. Later, I became a Mark Mason and a Templar; and a year or two afterwards, when holding a curacy in Oxfordshire, near a town at which it was determined to 'consecrate' a lodge, which is, I believe, still flourishing, I became Master of the Cherwell Lodge at Banbury. With that event, in 1852, soon

¹ Mr. Kegan Paul sets forth the grounds on which the Roman Church condemns Freemasonry. We hope on some future occasion to give the other side of the controversy.—ED. CORNHILL.

after which I left the neighbourhood, my active relations to Freemasonry ceased.

Here, then, is the place for me to give my impressions of the Society. It was, I fully admit, a shock to me at first that the whole religious phraseology was different from that to which I was accustomed. 'God' was spoken of as the 'great architect of the universe;' the familiar 'Amen' at the end of the prayers with which a lodge was always opened was replaced by the archaic English 'So mote it be.' There was a complete absence of any distinctive Christian teaching, and the whole might have been recited by any Theist. The relation of our ceremonies to the building of Solomon's Temple, and yet earlier events in Jewish history, was declared by a dogmatic recital of traditionary stories, finding no warrant in Old Testament history. Yet, indeed, a little thought set aside any feeling of dissatisfaction. The tone and phraseology of eighteenth-century sermons, anterior to the Wesleyan revival, were very much the same as those of the Masonic ritual, and even at that time I was by no means disposed to underrate the value of tradition, though I was quite ignorant of its true laws and tests.

But there was a grave and stately solemnity about the whole Masonic ritual which was attractive, and the dresses, particularly the Templar habit, were adapted to impress the young. A part of the Templar costume consisted of a sword, and this I was carrying home in my hand one night, habited in evening dress, quite oblivious of the fact that it was the Fifth of November, a date on which Town and Gown were apt to come into collision. I was stopped by the proctor, and my sword taken away. The official was very stern when I waited on him, as desired, next morning, and disposed to look seriously on my possession of so dangerous a weapon, but calmed down on learning what was the meaning of the sword, especially as no mischief had resulted. This was among the incidental proofs that no one dreamed there was harm in Masonry. Indeed, many went much further. It was said that at the St. Barnabas riots, in 1852, one of the curates enlisted on his side some of the most prominent among the mob by making in the pulpit a sign known only to the initiate, some of whom at once checked the violence of those they had been leading.

I can say most truly that during the whole time I took any part in Oxford Freemasonry I saw and heard nothing whatever to which I should even now formally object, except that the Holy

See disapproves it, and, were Freemasonry confined to the English form, it would be difficult to find urgent reasons against it. But I became gradually convinced that the whole was a mere idle expenditure; that its philanthropy was quite secondary to its social conviviality; that its ritual was puerile, and its traditions were a fable. My interest in it gradually ceased. I spent a year in Germany, and felt no desire to see the working of German lodges, though invited to attend them, and felt that Freemasonry had passed out of my practical life.

In more recent years, but still before I became a Catholic, a great official asked me to dine at his lodge, and I did so; but I was admitted rather on his conviction and assurance that I had a right to be present, than on any power of my own of making my membership known. The banquet was, just like many another, a stupid City banquet, quite harmless, heavy and uninteresting. But with this exception, which indeed made no impression on me, Masonry had faded from my memory for more than thirty years before I became a Catholic, nor did it occur to me to confess it as a sin, or to repudiate it in any formal manner, when I was received into the Church.

But, it may be urged, I must at least have been made acquainted with secrets which I was bound to conceal, and these must remain a burden on memory if not on conscience, although I ceased to frequent lodges. So far as I know there are absolutely no secrets except the signs and passwords which gain admission to the lodges, and make known to others the fact that one is a Mason. These are no more harmful in themselves than are the passwords given in every barrack or garrison-town at nightfall, with which fault can rarely be found. If Lever can be trusted in 'Harry Lorrequer,' even these can be abused, as when the Catholic doctor of the regiment, delayed late in barracks, was told just at the last moment, as the gates closed behind him, that the pass was 'Bloody end to the Pope.' Only when the sentry said 'Stand, or I'll shoot ye!' did the trembling doctor utter the awful words, greeted with peals of laughter from his false friends who were hiding in ambush for the end of their joke.

Even supposing that the words and signs were disclosed to every non-Mason, it may be doubted whether these alone would make sure of their admission: a man must be accustomed to the ways of using them, and these ways can scarcely be called secrets, any more than the usages of the House of Commons or of a club are

secrets, though the violation of these would at once betray the person who knew neither.

With the exception then of such passwords, I should be inclined to deny there are any secrets, and we are reminded of the Knife-grinder's story: 'Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir.'

I admit, however, that it is impossible to prove a negative, and if I am told by M. Leo Taxil and others that the highest degrees contain such secrets, I can only say I know nothing of them, nor do I believe for a moment they are known to English Masons of the degrees subject to Grand Lodge, to Mark Masons, or to Knights Templars.

To come back to my admission into the Church. Every postulant makes his general confession, and uses for the first time a Sacrament, which he repeats, according to his needs, from time to time, for the rest of his life. Great and salutary as are the effects of the Sacrament of Penance, nothing can be simpler than the actual form thereof when reduced to its bare elements. The penitent, kneeling, repeats such things as may have vexed his conscience, makes an act of contrition, receives absolution together with a prescribed penance, usually some familiar prayers, and goes his way rejoicing. He has enumerated such things as are common to all men: faults of temper, hastiness of tongue, sins against patience, purity, and charity, and there, as a rule, the matter ends; probably in the whole long life of an average penitent, and in the exercise of his office by the average priest, there is no exception; the confessions of one day are like those of another, human nature is the same everywhere, and a priest changing his mission will scarcely be reminded of it by any difference in the confessions made to him. But every now and then—and the circumstances will vary according to the country or diocese—the priest may say, 'I cannot give you absolution; that is a reserved case,' nor does this necessarily mean that the intrinsic criminality of the avowal made is greater than other sins which may have been declared that same day in the same confessional, and have been absolved as a matter of course. What then is a 'reserved case'? The *Catholic Dictionary* tells us: 'Certain sins, power to absolve from which is reserved by the superior to himself, and not imparted to inferiors, who have ordinary or delegated jurisdiction over other sins. Papal cases are reserved to the Pope, episcopal cases to the Bishop, the reserved cases of regulars to the prelates of the order.' In this definition it is implied that

jurisdiction given by a superior is necessary to enable a priest to hear confessions. But a superior may either confer the whole of the jurisdiction which he himself holds, or only a part of it, just as in England the Crown empowers magistrates to try petty cases, but not more serious crimes. The Council of Trent declared that Bishops had the power of reserving cases, but Clement III. warned prelates only to reserve 'the more atrocious and grievous crimes,' and it is generally assumed that the reserve falls only on sins which are grievous, external, certain, and complete in their kind.

In every diocese there is an officer called the Penitentiary, who has power to deal with these reserved cases. The practice is that the priest either lays the matter, of course without naming any name, before the Bishop or his Penitentiary, and receives authority to give absolution, or else he sends the penitent to make his confession to the higher authority.

It so happened that not long after my reception into the Church, I was in company with the Penitentiary of the diocese in which I had been received, and asked him, casually, what were the reserved sins in that diocese. He said there were only two—one, an atrocious crime indeed, but seldom likely to be committed, or, if committed, confessed; the other, Freemasonry. I soon discovered, however, that what was meant was the deliberate persistence in Freemasonry by a son of the Church in spite of the prohibition of the Holy Father, and not the ignorant, almost accidental, adhesion of one who, so far as he then knew, was contravening no law to which he owed allegiance.

But it set me on the consideration of the whole matter, and like many other things which the Church directs or forbids, the question is very different when considered from the insular standpoint, from which Englishmen too often attempt to judge what is brought within their vision.

The question is not, however, really one which has aught to do with the character of Masonry as seen in England. The Church has a right to forbid all secret societies as such, because they stand in the way of the free exercise of one of her Sacraments. In Confession there must be the most absolute confidence. And though it is forbidden, as a rule, to give names, it is plain that in any society circumstances may arise which give occasion for scruple, and some members may hold that to be within Christian liberty which others consider illicit. It is obvious that these

must be laid unreservedly before a priest, and this is impossible if the society be fenced round with inherent secrecy. Nothing is or ought to be more inviolable than family life and those things which are the private confidences of the home circle, but they are and must be from time to time disclosed in the Confessional, and it is one of the side advantages of the Sacrament that an absolutely confidential adviser is at hand; a secret society might be, in itself, a rival to the authority of the Church.

What might be has been. To go no further than Ireland—the many secret societies, Ribbon-men, Fenians, and the like have always been under the ban of the Church, denounced and discouraged by those priests who have sympathised cordially with the ultimate aims of the societies. The Repeal of the Union, the Independence of Ireland, and Home Rule have seemed to many priests of Irish birth causes for which they would be content to die, but such priests have given no sanction to methods for bringing about those ends, in so far as those methods are secret, and therefore prohibited by the Church. It may be asserted that what has been said is contradicted by the fact that some good Catholics are Foresters, Odd-Fellows, Friendly Brothers, &c., without let or hindrance from their priests. But, on the other hand, it is doubtful if mere signs and pass-words are enough to constitute a 'secret society' to which an oath is requisite, and on the other hand, the maxim of civil law holds here also, '*De minimis non curat lex.*'

It is clear to every Catholic that just as a human father may give laws to his children without telling them the reasons, and that disobedience to his commands would be sinful, so the Holy Father may give laws on grounds which satisfy, or are known only to, himself, and that the contravention of such laws is a sin.

But in regard to Freemasonry, the reasons are easily discoverable, and we have no right to plead the comparative harmlessness of the society in England against its grave mischiefs abroad. For it is one of the boasts of Masonry that it is the same all over the world, that in every country in Europe, in the swarming populations of the East, and in the now scanty wigwams of the western Indians, a brother may find brethren, who will give him aid in peril and succour him in need. There is probably a good deal of exaggeration in all this, and attempts to link modern Masonry to any far-distant past, anterior to the formation of modern nations, will not bear serious historical investigation. No connection can be found existing between it and pagan mysteries, nor with the

heresies of Eastern origin, nor with the suppressed Order of Knights Templars, still less with the building of Solomon's Temple.

It probably arose out of the corruption of a mediæval guild of Freemasons, whose members travelled from place to place, wherever their services were needed. '*Qui multum peregrinantur raro sanctificantur*,' and in the south of France, where a large Jewish and Saracenic element existed, Freemasons seem to have become tainted with heresy; while at the dissolution of the Knights Templars, early in the fourteenth century, it is by no means impossible that some of their rites and opinions passed over into the guild. But this is all the merest conjecture; and Freemasonry, as we know it now, has in it no trace of Catholic doctrine or ritual.

In 1646, Elias Ashmole, founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, who had been initiated as a Mason about that time, on the introduction of the Order into England, founded the *Rose Croix*, a higher degree of Masonry not recognised by Grand Lodge, and having more affinity with the foreign Masons, 'which mingled in a fantastic manner the jargon of alchemy and other occult sciences with Pantheism.' But indeed it is clear that he and his friends, Dr. Dee, Tradescant, who bequeathed him the collection which afterwards became known as the Ashmolean Library, and others, were engaged in practices under the censure of the Church, as astrology, the search for the philosopher's stone, magic, and all such arts as are now sought by Theosophists. About the middle of the last century, modern Masonry was considerably developed, especially in France, by a Portuguese Jew, Martinez Pasquales, in Germany by Adam Weishaupt, a renegade Christian, and towards the end of the century by Cagliostro. The completest account of this last impostor has been given by Carlyle, who, it is plain, was not a Mason, yet what he says is worth quoting: '*The Quack of Quacks, with his primitive bias towards the supernatural-mystificatory, must long have had his eye on Masonry; which, with its blazonry and mummery, sashes, drawn sabres, brothers Terrible, brothers Venerable (the whole so imposing by candlelight), offered the choicest element for him—Cagliostro then determines on Masonship. It was afterwards urged that the lodge in which he . . . got admission . . . was a lodge of low rank in the social scale; numbering not a few of the pastrycooks and hairdresser species. To which it could only be replied that these alone spoke*

French; that a man and Mason, though he cooked pastry, was still a man and Mason.'

In Continental Europe Freemasonry has been associated with all that is subversive of religion and order, and though the prevailing tone in England is that of a mere club, though even royal princes join it as such, and the three Degrees known to Grand Lodge have in them as little harm as possible, the society, as has been said, claims to be the same all the world over, and the constant influx into the English-speaking countries of Jews and Continental Freemasons must necessarily bring into England much of the poison of the Continental sect. What that poison is may be learnt from the statements of certain French writers.

'During the Commune of Paris in 1871, Masonic lodges took part as a body in the insurrection, marching out to the fight with their red banners.'

Leo Taxil, in his 'Confessions,' says: 'It is a true secret religion, with a mysterious worship.'

'According to the Masonic dogma, of which the progressive revelation is given to the initiated, starting from the grade of Master, there exists a god, organiser, but not creator, of the world, who deserves the homage of humanity; but this god is not He whom Christians adore. In the lodges of the higher grades, Freemasonry teaches that the Bible has inverted the parts of supernatural powers, and therefore the sect undertakes to re-establish the truth. If we believe it, the God of Catholics is only a bad principle, an evil genius, jealous and barbarous, an immaterial tyrant, the determined enemy of man's happiness; and, on the contrary, Lucifer, his antagonist, is the good genius, a principle virtuous and wise, the spirit of liberty, friend of the human race, the true god. Therefore, in the highest lodges, Lucifer, thought to be the father of Cain, of Canaan and of a certain Hiram, is adored by the Freemasons under the various titles of Supreme Being, Nature-God, and Great Architect of the Universe.'

He also says in his '*Révélations complètes sur la Franc-Maçonnerie*:' 'Freemasonry is nothing else than the worship of Satan.'

Now let us say at once that M. Leo Taxil, though now declaring himself converted, does not utter words that seem of themselves to ring true. His various and voluminous works are mere pretentious pieces of book-making, repetitions of each other; he shows how his leaving the sect was in consequence of a mere piece of

wounded vanity; he constantly declares he is about to reveal important secrets, and reveals none; he confesses that he was always an inordinate and unscrupulous liar. No one would feel more at home in a lodge for reading what he says; there is nothing in his quotations from Masonic ritual to show that the devil, and not God, is worshipped under the title 'Great Architect of the Universe;' nor can we believe a word he says except so far as it is confirmed by others. But that there is a relation between Freemasonry and gross impiety is confirmed. M. Huysman's words do ring true, and in the worst book it was ever our fortune or misfortune to have to read, '*Là-bas*,' as well as in '*En Route*' (in which he shows how, having reached the bottom, he was converted), he declares that Free Thought, Black Masses, Satanism, and Freemasonry are closely connected. He introduces an apostate priest who has the crucifix tattooed on the soles of his feet, in order that he may always trample on the Cross. Nor do we disbelieve him, though it may be difficult to explain why, in literature more than in actual life, we believe one man, and at once decide that another man is a shameless liar, who, if he speak truth, does so only by accident.

However little we may think there is, as M. Leo Taxil declares, a supreme head of Masons, and an intimate correspondence of Masons all over the world, it is shown, or at all events made highly probable, that on the Continent there is danger in a society associated with all that is subversive of morals, civil life, and the Catholic Faith.

In saying this, I am not forgetful of the logical fallacy which would be involved in saying that though diabolists may be Freemasons, the latter are necessarily diabolists. I will content myself with quoting the preface to the English edition of '*En Route* :—'In France, as a rule, the population is Catholic. French Protestants . . . do not in any sense leaven the people. Hence, when a Frenchman loses faith, he has not, as in England, a Protestant sect handy, in joining which he may believe as much or as little as he pleases, but in which morals at least are upheld; he plunges only too often into sinful excesses, now and then into some complicated and enormous crime, becoming actively hostile to the dominant religion of his country; since it meets him at every turn, he cannot be indifferent to, nor ignore it.

'He is aided in his revolt, not by religious sects, bulwarks at least against the denial of God, but by societies of Freethinkers, "*Solidaires*," Freemasons, &c., bound to an active warfare with the

Church, and sworn to keep the priests away from their families, so far as in them lies; especially at the hour of birth, by refusing baptism; in the hour of death, by withholding the last Sacraments; and after death, by insisting on civil funerals. . . .

'When in France a man of position puts himself in distinct antagonism to the Church . . . he is appealed to, not as in England, by Protestants, but by Freemasons, "Solidaires," even by Satanism, and the more he thinks of religion, the viler and the more terrible is the temptation that assails him, is the home which offers itself to his spirit.'

If this be true, which we fully believe, the Holy See does indeed well in opposing Freemasonry, however, in an essentially law-abiding and conservative country like England, its harmfulness be concealed.

Five bulls have been directed against Freemasonry, by name: 'In imminenti,' Clement XII., 1738; 'Provides,' Benedict XIV., 1783; 'Ecclesiam Jesu Christi,' Pius VII., 1821; 'Qui graviora,' Leo XII., 1826; 'Quanta cura,' Pius IX., 1864. The present Holy Father has also issued an encyclical against the society.

While therefore I absolutely believe that *English* Masonry, apart from the condemnation of the Holy See, is innocent, and is accidentally only a partaker in Continental mischief; while I do not believe that Satanism and the worship of Lucifer is any necessary part of foreign Masonry, I believe *ex animo* that the Popes are the discerners of spirits, and I hold that Freemasonry has been recognised by them as the work of the evil one. I repudiate that to which in ignorance I belonged, partly because that ignorance is cleared away, partly because with all my heart I desire to obey the deliberate voice of the Popes, who speak with authority given to no other than the Vicars of Christ alone.

C. KEGAN PAUL.

PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.

September 5th.—A chronicle of sport—so many guns and such and such a bag—is not lively reading for any but the particular sportsman, and it takes a meteorologist to find interest in a chronicle of bad weather ; so for the early days of September I leave the record of birds and rain to the exuberant imagination. We travelled into Norfolk leisurely at the end of last month, taking Cambridge and Ely on our way. Sometimes we journeyed by rail, sometimes on our own wheels, and in the latter mode of progress seemed to renew the golden age when folks were content to ride on horseback, and had time to look about them. But even behind the horseman rode ‘black Care ;’ nor does that Fury desert the bicyclist, though forced by the exiguity of the saddle to shift her position to one or other tyre, where she stands, like Fortune, on the ever-rolling circle,

Allowing us a breath, a little scene,
Inspiring us with self and vain conceit,
and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin . . .

Cambridge was just emptying itself of what are called 'Extension students,' many of them school-mistresses who take the opportunity of enlarging the range of their interests or hearing the latest theories on some pet hobby. Without being in the least what Peacock calls a 'Pantopragmatic' one may allow that lectures in this way fulfil a useful function; and probably there has never been since the days of the sophists so well-considered an attempt on the part of those who know to share their knowledge and spread enthusiasm. The ladies had not seen Cambridge before, and were becomingly impressed with its characteristic glories—the rosy-brown brick of Trinity and St. John's and Queen's; the 'backs'; King's Chapel; and not least the marvellous statue of Newton 'with his prism and silent face.' We plucked a few mulberries, too, from Milton's tree at Christ's.

Coming from the undulations of a down country, we were much struck by the peculiar beauty of the eastern counties, the beauty of a flat landscape—the long stretch of meadows to a dim horizon, broken by clumps of trees, an occasional windmill, or the glimpse

of a white sail on a hidden stream. Even the geometrical canals had perspective.

6th.—Last Sunday and to-day we drove into Norwich for the cathedral service. The English Matins and Evensong are *sui generis*; how different they are from the corresponding Roman services, out of which they have been evolved, any traveller knows who has heard the choir office gone through in a foreign church, 'entuned in the nose full seemely.' They are English to the core and are excellently fitted to express or suppress, to half reveal and half conceal, what the average Englishman calls his religious feelings. The double chant is a kind of symbol of the whole, and those Italianate clergy who hold by Gregorians deny their birth-right. I could wish it were the custom not to begin singing till the 'O Lord, open Thou our lips;' the Exhortation on G, as usually rendered, is about as silly and unimpressive a piece of ceremonial as was ever devised, and the General Confession is only a little better. I sympathise in this point with the hot-heads who are for getting back to Edward's First Prayer Book, which opened admirably with the 'Our Father.' More attention might be given in cathedrals as well as parish churches to the reading of the lessons. A style is required midway between the dull monotone sometimes affected by the High Church school and the overdramatic manner of others. At Norwich last Sunday a very exalted dignitary thundered out St. Paul's advice about buying your meat at the butcher's without asking too many questions, as though it were a matter of eternal spiritual import to all present, instead of a mere piece of antiquarianism. We lunched in Norwich, as I wished to hear Tom Mann, who was advertised to address a meeting in the afternoon. He had not much voice and strained it painfully, but he was impressive from the nervous energy and the air of conviction with which he spoke; and I was agreeably surprised at his moderation.

7th.—I have a great respect for the *Standard* newspaper; it maintains, as a rule, a dignity and a self-restraint which in these last days are becoming rare. But too often, when an article is required on the British aristocracy, it puts the pen into the hand of our old friend Jeames de la Pluche. There is no mistaking his style this morning. The Duke of Marlborough has been feasting Conservative associations—a circumstance that would have inspired Theognis, who said, 'You should eat and drink with the nobility, for from the good you will learn what is good.' Twenty-five

centuries pass and the spirit of Theognis takes flesh again in Jeames. 'It is well,' he says, 'that these great gatherings should sometimes be held in the grounds belonging to members of the aristocracy whose ancestors have helped to make the history of England. For there is nothing better calculated to make men Conservatives in the best sense of the word than a knowledge of our national history, and the steps by which its glory grew. It may be true enough that the celebrated man, the founder of the Ducal House of Marlborough, had his weak points. Addison's famous simile of the angel has often been laughed at, but *there is quite as much truth in it as in most similes*,¹ and it is well that the *people* should be from time to time reminded of the fact that *aristocracy* tends to develop qualities not less valuable in the domestic arena ['domestic arena' is good] than on the field of battle. The "calmness" imputed to Marlborough at the most trying moments of his career is one of these.' The party press is generally secure in appealing to popular ignorance, but the 'Standard' must have forgotten that this 'calmness' of the Duke of Marlborough has recently been handled in fiction by a man of genius, and that for 'the people' at the present moment Q.'s picture in 'The Blue Pavilions' is the one that holds the field. To tell them, then, that aristocracy tends to develop qualities of this kind, however true it may be, is not wise; it is not calculated to make them Conservatives in any sense of the term. Nor is it wise generally to encourage much investigation into the title-deeds of 'our old nobility.' Bacon (than whom none knew better) says very pregnantly, 'Those that are first raised to nobility are commonly more virtuous [*i.e.* capable],² but less innocent, than their descendants; for there is rarely any rising but by a com-

¹ What does this mean? The *Tatler* of the day (No. 43) praised it, apart from its 'sublimity,' on the ground that it complimented 'the general and his queen at the same time.'

So when an Angel by Divine Command
With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious Blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirl-wind, and directs the Storm.'

² Cf. *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3:

'AUTOLYCUS. I cannot tell for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

'CLOWN. His vices, you would say.

'AUTOLYCUS. Vices, I would say, sir.

mixture of good and evil arts.' Lord Wolseley spoilt his apology for Marlborough by printing the Duke's portrait in the book, a portrait with *sui amans* written in every line of the 'calm' and handsome face.

8th.—I spent a day looking at the best of the forty churches that Norwich can boast, but made no discoveries not already made in the guide books. In St. Andrew's Church I visited the tomb of Sir John Suckling for the sake of his poet son, who is figured kneeling by it. The porter who showed me over what was once the church of the Dominicans and is now two public halls had the true ecclesiological instinct, and should have been a verger. 'It is quite vexing,' said he, 'when I read the old histories to see there used to be a high altar there, with stalls all round it, and you could look the whole length from choir to nave. Now there's nothing to see' (with a wave of his arm to the civic pictures) 'but these old celebrities—very interesting, no doubt, for the costumes of the period.' I felt sympathy as well as pity for the old-fashioned fellow, who did not know that our masses are now evangelised by picture exhibitions.¹ I made my way also to Borrow's house and the site of Sir Thomas Browne's. They have recently been marked by tablets. The inmates of the former—a very pretty house, standing back from the main street and approached by a narrow entry—seemed amused at my interest in Borrow, of whom they had naturally never heard till the tablet made their house a shrine of occasional pilgrimage. Borrow brings to mind the Armenians, I suppose from his association with the merchant in 'Lavengro;' but on that topic I do not trust myself to write. In this morning's Psalms came the verse, 'I have not kept back Thy mercy and truth from the great congregation.'

10th.—Rain. I found on the library table the *Romanes* lecture by Dr. Creighton on the 'English National Character.' It is specially interesting at the present moment from its main thesis, which is that from the first England has shown 'a tendency to withdraw cautiously from the general system of Europe and go its own way. . . . Its dominant motive seems simply to have

¹ I once saw an example of sudden conversion. Arrius and Arria were strolling along the galleries at Hampton Court, looking very much depressed. At last Arrius saw a word that pierced home to him. It was '— landing at Margate.' He turned round to his companion and said, 'Good old Margate, good old 'all by the sea! let's go and have a drink!'

been a stubborn desire to manage its own affairs in its own way, without any interference from outside.' The Bishop illustrates this from England's relation both to the Empire and the Papacy. Some of the national characteristics are very happily sketched. 'Who does not know the travelling Englishman aggrieved because he may not argue the rights of his particular case as against some general rule, which the native finds no difficulty in dutifully obeying? His grievance lies in the sense that the rules never contemplated his particular case.' Never shall I forget the picture of — swearing in beautiful Italian at a station-master because he would not let us have our luggage after office hours. The trunks lay behind a glass door, conspicuous to all, and it needed but a turn of the key to release them, and there were excellent reasons why they should not remain there all night, but—rules were rules. The Bishop tells a good and characteristically English story of Robert Tomson of Andover, who sailed from Bristol to Cadiz with the purpose of making his fortune, learned Spanish, sailed to Mexico, suffered shipwreck and plague, reached his destination, found a Scotsman¹ there who befriended him, talked theology, was delated to the Inquisition, sent back to Seville and imprisoned for three years, married a fortune and lived happily ever after. On several small points the lecturer seems to generalise too much from what he tells us of his personal proclivities. When he says, 'Englishmen have always been more concerned with saying what they would than in being or doing what they would,' he is sacri-

¹ Is this not also characteristic, both as to the friendliness and the enterprise? In the dark days before the gospel of Free Trade was preached we English were a little jealous of our northern brethren, as Boswell abundantly testifies. Among the recently printed Dartmouth papers is a letter written when George III. was king which contains the following amusing paragraph: 'I am certainly the most unfortunate man in the world. Two Scotsmen, the only two, I am persuaded, who are not in office and employment, have plundered the house in Hanover Square. I wish the Administration had provided for them before. If I had been pillaged with the rest of the nation, or persecuted with the rest of the Opposition, I could have been contented, but these private pilferings are very unfair. However, by the vigilance of Sir John Fielding, and notwithstanding all the endeavours of Lord Mansfield and the rest of the Cabinet Council, the thieves are taken, and now my mother is much more alarmed at the thought of their being hanged than she was with the robbery; but I tell her she may be perfectly easy, that they are very safe, and will be in place and in the House of Commons next Parliament.' It is undoubtedly a great advantage to belong to a little clan, if its members are vigorous and patriotic, and if I were an author I should certainly turn Scotsman or else Roman Catholic. Then I should be sure that my merits would not fail of recognition in the press,

ficing to his love of epigram, for the fact is notoriously the other way. English diplomacy comes into being to explain English action. When, too, he adds that while Englishmen like to express their opinions they are indifferent to what becomes of them, he seems as far from the truth. The talker for talking's sake, or, to be more polite, the general theorist, is much more French than English. But on the whole the picture here drawn of the true-born Englishman is both lifelike and greatly to his credit. He has 'a notion of liberty which is associated with duty and justice.' Possibly the Jameson trial has convinced the few foreigners who care to be convinced that there is some ground for our boasted love of justice: it contrasts well with the trial of Major Lothaire. But it would not do for the Continental press to allow us any virtues as long as we interfere with their policy. The Bishop's praise of the abstract Englishman comes rather noticeably from an historian who is not much given to praising his fellows in the concrete, and can see moths even in the character of Sir Thomas More.

13th.—We came for a few days to this hotel at Lowestoft for a final breath of the sea air. There must be people who like hotel life, as they stay here for months together; but it is impossible to say of it, as Johnson said of taverns in his day, that 'there is a general freedom from anxiety.' On the contrary, the ladies seem anxious to outshine each other in their dresses, the men in their vintages. In my youth champagne was reserved for festival occasions; here it is drunk like beer. This is good for the exchequer, but it strikes me as ungentlemanlike. An aged clergyman misled into following the fashion amused us all in the drawing-room last night by telling what he evidently regarded as most improper stories—about parishioners who had twins. Two Americans, one of whom had been to Oxford and the other to Cambridge, were endeavouring to compare notes, with but little success. Then some singers came on to the lawn, and I had an opportunity of hearing the current comic songs. The one most applauded celebrated the cheap chicanery of some rascal who left his cabman in the lurch, &c.; the chorus was, 'He's waiting there for me.' This would seem to lend colour to Sir Edward Fry's indictment of our commercial morality. I had some talk with a literary lady, or rather she had some talk with me, but to me it was disappointing, being for the most part personal gossip. I did not see how she differed from any ordinary matron who gives

away her 'friends' with a cup of tea, except that the friends were people who write books. This reminds me that I met this morning young — whose novels are coming into notice. He asked my felicitations on his approaching marriage, which I gave with sincerity, and offered a piece of advice into the bargain—not to formulate his wife's faults, should he ever discover any. It is my experience that faults are less easily pardoned when 'set in a notebook,' and this is the business of the novelist. I regard this sage counsel with some complacency as the 'something attempted, something done' that has earned my night's repose. For at the seaside I behave very much like the exquisite who 'made a point of never doing any work between meals.'

14th.—It is a long time since I have stayed in a house fronting a public road, and either my nerves have become case-softened with age or the children of this generation are noisier than their predecessors. Hawkers and street organists I do not complain of; they have a use in the commonwealth, though I am far from believing they do not take a savage joy in wreaking what amounts to a revenge upon society. The noises that anger me are such as have no use. At this instant a girl, aged about twelve, is riding her bicycle up and down the street, ringing her bell furiously all the time for sheer delight in the din; a small boy, not to be outdone, is drawing a stick along the railings; a second hoyden is being dragged by her companions in a little cart, shuffling her feet on the pavement as she goes; and a very small child is making daylight sick with a bladder whistle. 'Eating strawberry jam to the sound of a trumpet' was a child's notion of heaven. One comprehends why the celibate schoolmen assigned as many babies as possible a limbo to themselves.

*Continuo auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes.*

Had they lived in these days of emancipated children, they would have extended its hospitality to noise-makers of riper years.

17th.—This morning I watched the fishing-boats being tugged out of the harbour—a very picturesque sight. They were roped together in a long chain, and by their bobbing motion suggested a caravan of camels. The sails were red and weathered for the most part to beautiful tints. There have been two fatal accidents lately in hydraulic lifts; the last victim bore the distinguished but ill-omened name of Richard Plantagenet. The earliest reference I remember to a lift for people comes in the Greville 'Memoirs;'

it was constructed for Victor Emmanuel at Genoa. 'For the comfort of their bodies he has had a machine made like a car, which is drawn up by a chain from the bottom to the top of the house; it holds about six people, who can be at pleasure elevated to any story; and at each landing-place there is a contrivance to let them in and out' (March 18, 1830). The description is a little wanting in precision.

21st.—The weather cannot be better described than by our Berkshire phrase 'wunnerful cas'alty.' For several days the glass had been slowly rising, and no rain fell here all Sunday. By midday the oats that remained out were dry enough to carry, and the ricks were opened to receive them, when lo! a waterspout for some four hours.

The Vicar and his wife came to dine for the first time, and we had a small party, chiefly clergy folk, to meet them. He seems a good fellow at bottom, despite his curious and inconsequential streak of Socialism. He has a little the air of a disappointed man; the 'fallentis semita vitæ' is, I suspect, neither his courage nor his choice, but his necessity in being married. He took a good degree at Oxford, and was expected to do something considerable, but his great book is still to write, and being something of a poet and little of a partisan, no politician, and not even a nephew of the Lord Chancellor, he has not attracted public patronage; and, as his children are growing numerous, he was glad to accept Tom's offer. I was a little afraid at one point in the meal that conversation would be stranded, and I heard Sophia open a discussion on the difference between a 'pie' and a 'tart,' which is with her a signal of distress; but by introducing a clerical topic we got into deep water again. Some one referred to the *Times* letters on the poverty of so many country livings, expressing strong resentment at the irrelevant irruption of grumbling laymen headed by a gentleman whom I blushed to hear described as 'Giant Grim.' The Vicar told us that the proposal to found a Sustentation Fund in the Jubilee year had been upset by the late Bishop of Carlisle, who thought a Church House of more pressing importance. Our flippant doctor wondered what episcopal red herring would be drawn across the trail next year if a similar effort were proposed, and quoted 'What reck's it them? What need they? They are sped!' but the Vicar thought they had been weak rather than ill-intentioned, and were most of them now doing what they could. He mentioned, how-

ever, that his former diocesan in a charge, while expressing his deep sympathy, had cautioned his clergy against taking pupils or letting their houses, which were the only two ways open to them of increasing their incomes. It is odd that Churchmen should lag so far behind Dissenters in the matter of providing for their ministers. I noticed in church a few Sundays ago, that a full quarter of the offertory sentences enforce this duty, but these are seldom read: I suppose the parson can hardly be expected to read them. In the country farmers and even squires feel they are being generous in simply paying their tithe, forgetting that they inherited, or bought, or leased the land subject to that charge, so that it does not come out of their own pockets. 'Us wun't be prosperous,' said one fine old Berkshire farmer, 'till us have fewer of they black parsons, and more of they black pigs.' Happily for the Vicar, Tom redeemed his tithe before the great fall in prices. My neighbour T., who makes his money out of starch and farms for pleasure, sets a good example by paying his tithe at par instead of 70 per cent. Some one mentioned the cartoons in the *Westminster Gazette* dealing with the Armenians; and from that the talk drifted to the unpopularity of the clergy, which that paper had lately discussed. It is difficult in the country to arrive at a judgment on the matter. 'Murmuring in their tents' is and always was the peculiar vice of the wilderness, and the parson comes in for even a bigger share than the squire. He visits too seldom, or too frequently, or at awkward hours; he is inquisitorial in distributing alms, or lets himself be hoodwinked by impostors; his preaching is too short or too long, commonplace or over people's heads. The older parsons professed to remark little change in the attitude of their parishioners to them, but the younger men complained that their advice was apt to be resented as interference. This is what one would expect; the new sense of independence would feel a little awkward and ashamed of itself before old gentlemen who did not recognise its existence, especially if they were humorous and dictatorial, of the Menenius Agrippa type, like so many country parsons of the old school. While the port was going round I ventured a few remarks about my sermon experiences while away from home. I had found the sermons as a rule good, but badly delivered. I quoted Byrom for a similar judgment last century, and suggested that each rural deanery should acquire the services of an elocution master for a number of lessons.

A clerical neighbour, who has an irritating trick in the pulpit of connecting his clauses by the interjection *urrrer*, demurred, on the ground that their congregations would prefer them, as at present, to speak 'as a man to men.' I explained that my suggestion implied nothing more than a little coaching in voice-production. Presently the new Education Bill made its appearance. As far as I can resume the various opinions expressed they were as follows: That rate aid is most undesirable; that given security for all present privileges (appointment of teachers, &c.), voluntary managers would not object to rate aid; that all they want is to be let alone; that all they want is to be federated; that an additional imperial grant of five shillings a head is indispensable; that they would have accepted four shillings last year, but now think they may as well stand out for six. I wonder if this conversation was a fair specimen of the general consent of Church opinion.

22nd.—I had a curious shock this afternoon. In the book-seller's at — I had been turning over Ruskin's 'Ariadne Florentina,' looking at the reproductions of the so-called Botticelli sibyls, and by way of contrast Michael Angelo's aged Cumæan sibyl, which, with characteristic humour and unfairness, Ruskin labels 'The nymph beloved of Apollo.' The inevitable law of association brought back to mind the place in Petronius (48), 'Sibyllam quidem Cumis ego ipse oculis meis vidi in ampulla pendere, et cum illi pueri dicerent Σίβυλλα, τί θέλεις; respondebat illa ἀποθανεῖν θέλω,'¹ which must mean, 'At Cumæ I saw with my own eyes the sibyl hanging in a bottle.' The idea this conveys to one is of those shrivelled organisms that are preserved in spirits on museum shelves. While I was walking through the streets and musing how the sibyl came to be in so awkward a plight, I saw staring me in the face in an Italian warehouseman's window the startling announcement, 'Respectable girls, about 18, wanted for bottling.' I rubbed my eyes incredulously, but there seemed to be no mistake. Presently, of course, I saw I had been misled by an ambiguous use of the verbal noun.

24th.—I am sometimes glad to be old, and never more so than when I come across advice to parents on the education of their children. Eugenia was brought up on no scientific principle; 'I 'spect she growed;' and I do not believe she is any the worse

¹ [And when the boys called to her, 'What do you want, sibyl?' she replied, 'I want to die.']

for that. Nowadays there are reviews edited by old maids to teach parents their business; associations of parents to encourage each other and exchange experiences; worst of all, syndicates to spy upon children and tabulate their little ways. I hope the children do their best to puzzle these too curious observers; one would judge so from some of the stories the professors collect. I am satisfied that what parents want is common sense and not psychology. Neither the mother of the Gracchi nor the mother of the Wesleys had psychology, but the latter, at any rate, abounded in common sense. These important reflections arise from a story just told me by a very young mother who yearns to be scientific, and make the punishment, in the words of a great moralist, 'fit the crime.' A few Sundays ago she had arranged a water party, and as her little Tommy had told a lie he was not to be allowed to join it, but was to go to church instead. The retribution struck her as most artistic; Tommy would get good and yet he would be miserable. What more could be desired in any punishment? I was sorely tempted to inquire why, if one was certain to get good in church, she sacrificed herself by arranging a picnic; however I could not resist telling her of the effect such a retributory worship had upon a little girl of my acquaintance. She showed no sign of contrition or rebellion till the Creed, when she curtsied elaborately and ostentatiously at the name of Pontius Pilate.

29th.—I went this morning to the funeral of my dear friend H. S. I had seen her several times lately, and I saw her also after death. The change is always striking. Sometimes the individual merges in the family type; sometimes it is only the care that seems wiped out in a great calm. In this case the calm had given place to care. The smile that had made light of suffering was quite gone; and one understood what a triumph the spirit had for so long been celebrating over the flesh, by the naked anguish of the flesh when the spirit had departed. That beautiful phrase of Jeremy Taylor's, 'weeds and outworn faces,' came into my mind; and I saw its truth as I had not seen it before. I was never less moved at a funeral; the poor coffined body seemed exactly expressed by a word I had always disliked, 'the remains;' and I could not lament that it should be buried. For once I came near an appreciation of the splendid scorn in the familiar words, 'O grave, where is thy victory?' Since her death I have not been able altogether to suppress a

regret that on the last occasions of our meeting the conversation was on no higher than its ordinary level; but it seemed at the time right that it should be as it was, and her sense of fitness was impeccable. Moreover the art of not saying things is more difficult than that of saying them, and its success proportionately great. 'None but a tragedian can die by rule and wait till he says a fine thing on his *exit*. In real life this is a chimera; and by noble spirits it will be done decently, without the ostentation of it.' *Quære*, Does not this of Steele show him a finer gentleman than his friend Addison, with his 'Come and see how a Christian can die'?

30th.—George S. writes this morning: 'My mother always thought of everybody but herself, and the least return we can make for her unselfishness is to be glad for her sake that the long waiting is over. As you would guess from your knowledge of her, she was remarkably cheerful to the last, and it was difficult on the Saturday morning, in the intervals of her paroxysms, to believe the doctor that she could not last out the day. The only hint she gave us of being herself aware how near the end was, was to look round with a queer little smile when the doctor had left the room, and say, "Do you know I *fancy* he's at the end of his tether?" Of course we understood, and respected her reticence. She passed away under the morphia, and we were all glad she should have been spared leave-takings. I still find myself nursing things to tell her; and one of my sisters had run upstairs to show her a very beautiful wreath sent for her funeral before she remembered. So impossible is it to realise the loss.'

*CLARISSA FURIOSA.*¹

BY W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER XLI.

CLARISSA LOWERS HER COLOURS.

THE room on the ground floor into which Guy was shown was untenanted; so that he had time to take himself in hand and recover at least some outward show of composure. But the anxiety which was gnawing at his heart made every moment that he was kept waiting seem like an eternity to him, and he paced impatiently to and fro, muttering that if somebody did not come presently, he would ring the bell. Upon a table which he passed and repassed during his restless march lay a heap of newspapers, pamphlets, and magazines. He picked up one of the latter and glanced at the list of contents on its cover. 'The Political Disabilities of Women, by Lady Luttrell,' he read. He threw it down, thus exposing to view a second periodical and a second bill of fare—'The Law of Divorce: What it is, and what it ought to be, by Lady Luttrell.' He was, of course, perfectly unreasonable and absurd; but he felt as if Clarissa had been leaving her child to die while she shouted out to the world her crude notions as to subjects which nothing compelled her to touch. Good heavens! what had mothers to do with politics, or wives who conducted themselves decently with divorce? For the matter of that, by what right was he, Netta's father, detained there as a humble suppliant until such time as it should please his wife to grant him an audience?

Guy was so constituted that pain of any kind always made him angry; and it was an angry, threatening face that he turned towards his wife's drawn and haggard one when she appeared in the doorway. But he did not speak, because, to tell the truth, he was so much afraid of what she might be going to say that his question stuck in his throat. What she did say was:

'I promised Paul that I would send for you if—if there was any change for the worse, and——'

¹ Copyright in the United States of America, 1896, by W. E. Norris.

'I don't know anything about your promises to Paul,' interrupted Guy roughly, 'and I don't care what they were. What about the child? Do you mean that she is not going to get over this?'

'We can't tell,' Clarissa answered. 'The crisis is over; but she does not seem to have rallied as we hoped that she would, and yesterday I could see that the doctor was not satisfied. So this morning I asked him whether there was any danger, and he said there was. And he thought it would be better for you to be within reach. That is all I know,' Clarissa concluded, raising her heavy-lidded eyes for a moment.

She looked so crushed and so despairing that his heart went out to her; but it was against his nature to sympathise with despair, and besides, as has been said, he was, for the time being, a wrathful man.

'Danger?' he repeated sharply; 'what sort of danger? Are you doing anything?—have you taken any steps to obtain a second opinion? You don't propose to sit still with your hands before you, I presume, and wait idly for the end to come.'

Clarissa glanced at him with a sort of dull wonder. She was standing by the window and twisting the blind-cord between her long slim fingers.

'We can easily have a consultation, if you wish,' she said; 'but it will do no good. There is nothing the matter, except that Netta's strength is exhausted: her heart is weak, they say. The doctor does not think it at all likely that there will be an immediate change, one way or the other; only——'

'Only she might sink at any moment. Is that it?'

Clarissa made a sign of assent, and gazed out with lustreless eyes at the white road, where a high wind was raising swirling clouds of dust. It was evident that she had abandoned all hope; evident also that neither her husband's presence nor any other external circumstance had power to rouse her from her lethargy. After a minute of silence, Guy said:

'I suppose I can go up to her room?'

'Yes; I will take you up there. She sleeps a great deal now—it is not a refreshing sleep, though, the nurse says—but when she is awake she always asks for you. She is really anxious to see you now, I think; when she was delirious, one did not pay so much attention to what she said, of course.'

'She *has* been asking for me all this time, then?' exclaimed

Guy, an expression coming over his face which might have reminded certain dead and gone politicians of what his father had looked like when, about a quarter of a century back, the Tories had had reason to suspect their leader of having betrayed them. 'I might have known it! And you did not consider it your duty to say a word to me?'

Clarissa turned away from the window and sighed wearily. She was in no condition to quarrel or to defend herself against attack; but she answered, 'There was the risk of infection to be thought of, and the risk still remains. However, as Paul said, that will scarcely deter you.'

Guy responded only by a grunt, and moved towards the door, which he held open for her. Thus, without exchanging another word, they mounted the staircase, Clarissa leading the way, and passed through the swing-door which separated the schoolroom and the nurseries from the rest of the house. Then Clarissa pushed aside a sheet, saturated with carbolic acid, looked over her shoulder to beckon to Guy, and the next instant he was standing beside Netta's bed.

The child was only half awake, and blinked at him, knitting her brows, without recognising him. Her cheeks had fallen in, and there was no vestige of colour in them; yet she looked so much less ill than he had expected that he could not help ejaculating, 'Come! this isn't such a shocking bad job, after all. We'll beat the doctors yet!'

At the sound of his voice Netta broke into a glad little cry. 'Oh, Father, I did want you so! Why didn't you come before?'

She held out her small wasted hands, and Guy was stooping over her to kiss her when a black arm, adorned with a broad white linen cuff, was thrust before his face, while at the same time his coat-tails were violently jerked from behind.

'No, if you please, sir,' said the sick-nurse, who was the owner of the arm, decidedly; 'by the doctor's orders, there must be nothing of that sort. I'll put a chair for you on the other side of the bed, where you can sit; but we would rather you didn't bend over it more than you can help.'

Well, if there was to be no kissing, it was at least permitted to the father and daughter to remain hand in hand while they embarked upon a prolonged desultory conversation, during which both Clarissa and the nurse withdrew. They had a hundred things to say to each other; but it was Guy who did most of the talk-

ing. After the first excitement of seeing him had passed off, and after she had given him a description of her holiday at Hastings ('But that was ever so long ago, before I was ill,' she said), Netta fell back upon her pillows and her eyelids closed involuntarily. She was not asleep, and she squeezed his fingers every now and then to let him know that she was listening; but the effort of articulation was evidently too much for her. So he remained there, chatting cheerily about any subject that came into his head and planning all manner of expeditions for the good time coming, when she should be strong enough to get about again, until at length her grasp relaxed and her breathing became more slow and regular. Then he rose and stole on tiptoe into the adjoining room, where he found the nurse alone.

'I have persuaded her ladyship to go and lie down until the doctor comes,' the woman said. 'She really ought to take more rest.'

'I dare say she ought,' answered Guy. 'Now, tell me honestly, please—because I'd rather ask a nurse than a doctor for an honest opinion any day—what do you think of this case?'

'Well, sir,' answered the nurse, who was a stout, pleasant-looking woman, approaching middle age, 'I can't say I think any too well of it; though I've seen many a worse one recover. So long as she can go on taking nourishment we needn't feel much alarm; but there's great weakness, you see—very great weakness.'

'People don't die of weakness, unless they're allowed to die,' Guy declared resolutely. 'Look here—on the day that my little girl is pronounced out of danger you shall have a cheque for 100%.'

The nurse smiled. 'I shouldn't be allowed to take that, sir,' she replied; 'but you may depend upon me to do all that can be done, without any bribe. Oh, there's no offence; I know how you feel, and it's true enough that money has saved life before now. But you're wrong in thinking that people don't die of weakness; that's just what they do die of, a great many of them.'

'Well, at all events Netta shall not die of it,' was Guy's confident rejoinder.

He did not mean to leave the house without having seen the doctor; so, while Netta slept, he chatted to the nurse, with whom he soon established friendly relations, and who took the liberty of giving him some plain-spoken advice as to the management of his health, with which her experienced eyes told her that he had been trifling. Guy Luttrell was one of those grown-up naughty boys

to whom sick-nurses take instinctively, recognising in them predestined as well as submissive patients.

After a time Clarissa re-appeared, accompanied by the doctor, and, as soon as the visit of inspection was at an end, Guy followed the latter downstairs.

‘Better; certainly a little better since the morning,’ was the satisfactory verdict returned; ‘perhaps seeing you has done her good. But I must warn you, Sir Guy, that for a long time after she recovers, you and Lady Luttrell will have to be very careful of her.’

‘You may be sure that she shall be taken care of, if only you undertake that she shall recover.’

‘My dear sir, I should as soon think of undertaking to produce rain or fine weather. There is, and there must be for some time to come, cause for grave anxiety; but hope never did anybody any harm, and it is better to be over-sanguine, as you evidently are, than to be needlessly despondent, as I fear that Lady Luttrell is.’

From that day forth Guy presented himself every morning in Cadogan Gardens and, without let or hindrance, took what it pleased him to regard as his turn of duty in the sick-room. The nurse had solemnly promised to despatch a messenger for him instantly, in the event of any emergency arising, Netta always greeted him with joy, and by Clarissa his presence was tolerated, if not precisely welcomed. His relations with his wife, indeed, were but little affected, one way or the other, by these daily visits of his to her house. As soon as Guy put his nose in at the door Clarissa walked out of it; they seldom exchanged so much as a word; nor was the intruder, for his part, at all dissatisfied with an arrangement which conceded to him all that he demanded. One day, however, just as he was about to leave the house, he was informed by the butler that her ladyship wished to speak to him for a moment, and, on obeying the summons, he found her seated at her writing-table.

‘Well,’ he said cheerfully—for he was in a much better temper by this time than on the occasion of their last interview—‘I believe it is going to be a case of *quittes pour la peur* after all. I think, and so does the nurse, that Netta is beginning to put on flesh, and I am sure she is less apathetic than she was.’

Clarissa sighed heavily. ‘You may be right,’ she answered; ‘but I dare not hope. I see no real improvement, and even if there were an apparent improvement one would not feel safe.’

'Come, Clarissa,' said her husband, not unkindly, 'you mustn't make up your mind to look at the dark side of things. Supposing that the worst happens—but it isn't going to happen!—we shall have time enough to grieve after we are beaten: for the present, what we have to do is to put our heart into our work and show a brave face. That will be best for our patient as well as for ourselves.'

'Yes, I know,' answered Clarissa, with a wan smile, 'and I do try to look as if I believed what I can't believe; but I see little things which I suppose you don't notice, and I am certain that the doctor——'

She had to break off and press her fingers firmly upon her quivering lips. Only a very hard-hearted man—and Guy's heart was as soft as need be—could have held out against the wish to comfort her, as she sat there, looking so utterly miserable and forlorn, with dark circles under her eyes and horizontal lines of distress upon her forehead.

'My dear girl,' he said gently, 'you are worn-out and ill; that is why you are determined to meet trouble halfway. As for the doctor, if you don't trust him, we'll call in another, or two others. I think myself that it would be more satisfactory to have a consultation.'

She shook her head. 'Oh, no; it isn't that. All the doctors in London could tell us no more than we know; and I am not a bit ill—only I feel somehow as if a decree had been pronounced, against which it is useless to rebel. But I didn't send for you to talk in a way which you must think very silly. What I wanted to tell you—I thought perhaps I ought to tell you—was that I am sorry I was so rude when you came here, one afternoon in the winter, and objected to my being so much with Mr. Loosemore. At the time it seemed to me impertinent of you to interfere, and I said I liked and admired the man—which was not quite true. Anyhow, I neither like nor admire him now, and our acquaintance, I hope, is at an end.'

'I was sure you would find the fellow out sooner or later,' observed Guy composedly. 'If you would like me to dust his jacket for him, I'll find an opportunity of doing it without creating any public disturbance.'

For one moment Clarissa's countenance cleared; she broke out into an irrepressible laugh; and domestic differences might have been composed there and then, had Guy known how to profit

by the occasion. But he was quite serious; he saw nothing to laugh at, and presently Clarissa, too, became once more serious and sad.

‘Of course I don’t want you to assault Mr. Loosemore,’ she said; ‘he wouldn’t be in the least worth assaulting, even if he deserved it. That is all: don’t let me keep you any longer. I only thought that, as I had been in the wrong, it was my duty to apologise.’

She had a queer motive for apologising, the nature of which he could scarcely be expected to guess at the time, but which was to be revealed to him later. He went away a little puzzled and a little amused, wondering whether she imagined that he was jealous of the discomfited Loosemore and why she should care if he were. If he was not jealous, it must be owned that Clarissa was; and that was one of her reasons for always quitting Netta’s room the moment that he entered it. The child was happier alone with her father, she thought—and what mother could make such an admission to herself without a pang? But Clarissa behaved very well about it. It may be that she was too unhappy to behave badly, and that the approval of Paul, who took it for granted that she had made friends with her legitimate lord and master, had no more power to vex her than the uneasy protests of Mr. Dent, who was haunted by a presentiment that Guy would catch the fever and succumb.

Upon the principle that what is worth nothing never comes to harm, Guy considered himself pretty safe from that risk; still, for the sake of his friends, he took precautions and was seen no more at his club or in places of public resort. He did not find that the time hung heavily upon his hands; he spent nearly the whole of it in Cadogan Gardens; the joy of seeing Netta slowly picking up strength was sufficient for him, and he refused to be discouraged by the very guarded utterances of the doctor.

But at length there came a dark day when he was met, on the way to his wife’s house, by a messenger who had been despatched to summon him; and the first person whom he saw in the hall, when he hurriedly entered, was Clarissa. She was deadly pale and trembling from head to foot; she caught him by the arm, drew him into the room where he had been kept waiting for her once before, and stammered out:

‘It has come at last—what I have been dreading all along! She has had one fainting fit after another, and they say—they say——’

Guy made at once for the door; but Clarissa held him back, saying, 'No; not yet! For the moment it is over, and she is better; but she must not be startled or excited. Only the doctor thought you ought to be at hand, in case—in case of this happening again.' She added, after a break, 'He expects it to happen again; he is upstairs, and he says he will not go away until——'

'Until the end?' exclaimed Guy, finishing in horrorstruck accents the sentence which she had been unable to force from her lips. 'Good God! is it so bad as that? Can nothing be done?'

'Oh, I don't know!—I don't know!' wailed Clarissa, wringing her hands distractedly. 'Nothing human can be done, I believe—it is her heart that is affected, and each fresh attack leaves her with less power to resist the next—nothing human can be done; but perhaps something superhuman might. How can one tell? I have prayed day and night; but I don't think there is much use in praying: one must deserve to be heard, perhaps, before one's prayers can be listened to.' She swallowed down, not without difficulty, an obstruction in her throat and went on: 'Guy, I want you to say, if you can, that you forgive me, and I want to assure you that, if you have ever done me any wrong, it is freely and absolutely forgiven. "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us"—those are the words, you know, and they *must* be sincerely spoken, or they are only a mockery.'

'My dear,' answered Guy, laying his hand upon her quivering shoulder, 'they can be spoken quite sincerely by me, I promise you.'

'Yes; but I don't know whether you fully understand what I mean. I mean that I am willing—or rather that I implore—to be taken back and to live with you again as your wife. You won't refuse me, will you? I feel as if nothing short of that would be of any use! I will give up everything that you dislike; I will never speak at meetings or write for magazines again; I will try to atone for all the trouble that I have given you. If you care at all for me—or for Netta—you won't turn away from us because I have made myself talked about, or because I am rich, or for any reason like that!'

Guy did not smile at this pathetic attempt to drive a bargain with the Lord of life and death—an attempt which Clarissa, in her character of an *esprit fort*, would have been the first to compassionately deride, had the case been that of another woman. A slight

mist clouded his blue eyes as he took his wife's hand and answered gently, 'Say no more, my dear; we'll let bygones be bygones.'

If he spoke with a mental reservation, it was on her account that he made it; for what honourable man could hold a woman in Clarissa's agitated condition to the strict letter of her word? For his own part, he had never wished to be separated from her, and wished it less than ever, now that a common calamity had brought them close together once more.

She gave a great sigh of relief. 'You are very good,' she said; 'I must try to thank you some other time. Will you come upstairs now?'

It was not into Netta's room that they went, but into that adjoining it, where Mr. Dent and Paul Luttrell were seated. Presently the doctor stepped in quietly and joined them.

'She has dropped off to sleep,' said he; 'I think we may safely assume that there will be no immediate recurrence of the alarming symptoms. I am obliged to leave you now; but the nurse knows exactly what to do in case of an emergency, and I shall be back in the course of the afternoon. There has been a marked improvement during the last ten minutes.'

Clarissa looked almost triumphant; but Guy, who could not share her faith in the efficacy of the remedy to which she had had recourse, followed the doctor out and asked point-blank whether there was any hope.

'There is always hope in these cases,' he was told. 'The attack may recur in a few hours, or it may not recur for a week—or it may never recur at all.'

'But you think it will recur?' persisted Guy.

'Well, if you put it in that way—yes; I think so. It would not be honest to say anything else to you. But you may honestly tell Lady Luttrell that the child has rallied in a way which I should not have dared to expect half an hour ago.'

So Guy took back that message of comfort, whatever it might be worth, with him.

CHAPTER XLII.

ILL TIDINGS.

MADAME DE CASTELMORON was quite unselfishly sorry when she heard that her whilom admirer had embarked for West Africa to fight with savage hordes. She had never been able to see any-

thing interesting or attractive in tragedies, whereas a nice, bright little comedy, properly seasoned with incidental vicissitudes and terminating in a manner satisfactory to all the actors concerned, was entirely to her taste. She therefore felt that she had a genuine grievance against Miss Luttrell, whom she did not fail to upbraid.

‘If only you had deigned to write two words to him, as I begged you to do, he would have been here now, and we should all have been enjoying ourselves together! But you have ruined everything by your misplaced English prudery. Do not blame me for what may happen, that is all I ask; I have done my best for you and for him, and I wash my hands of the affair!’

Madeline did not mention that she had despatched the two words in question and that they had altogether failed to produce the anticipated result; but she disclaimed the slightest intention of blaming anybody, and expressed a hope that M. de Malglaive might come safe and sound out of the perils inseparable from a military career.

She was, however, sick at heart, and she had to call upon her whole reserve strength of pride and self-control in order to maintain the demeanour which her mother wished her to maintain and to behave with due civility to the male visitors whom her mother was feverishly eager to attract. If they found Madeline attractive, those male visitors, it must have been solely by reason of her beauty. She treated them all alike, seeing indeed no difference worth speaking of between them; she was amiable with them, cold with them, bored by them. From morning to night she was repenting bitterly (for there was neither harm nor good in repenting now) that she had sent a man who had loved her and whom she loved to distant lands, whence in all probability he would never return. Even if he did return, it would not be to her; his silence proved that he had taken only too literally the sentence which she had pronounced upon him. ‘The deil gang wi’ him to believe me!’ she might have sighed, had she been acquainted with the ditty which records that pregnant ejaculation.

But what is done cannot be undone, and what cannot be cured must be endured. The weeks passed away, aided in their flight by the customary devices for killing time; Madame de Castelmoron, restored to activity after her shaking, departed for Nice; Lady Luttrell hatched schemes which had to be circumvented by nice management, and the Pau season drew nearer and nearer to

its close. It was on a somewhat sultry spring morning that Madeline stole out of the house and strolled off to the shady park, hoping thereby to escape the maternal lecture which was her due, in consequence of her having returned home from a dance on the previous evening at the absurd hour of 11 P.M. It was considered allowable, not to say advisable, that she should begin showing herself at dances once more, and, a friend having kindly offered to take charge of her, she had been sent to this one. Her abrupt retreat, for which she had assigned a headache as an excuse, had in reality been caused by the alarming attentions of a suitor whom she did not wish to get herself into trouble by refusing, and who was rapidly becoming so explicit that the only thing to be done was to turn and flee from him. Now, Madeline and her mother, following the French custom, breakfasted in the middle of the day, and the former generally found that she was better able to cope with the latter at *déjeuner* than in the course of any chance previous conversation.

She was wandering along, thinking forlornly what a number of years must elapse yet before she would be permitted to claim the privileges of an old maid, when the name of De Malglaive suddenly fell upon her ear and caused her to glance with interest at the old gentleman who had pronounced it. This old gentleman, who was seated upon a bench, with his back turned towards her, held an open newspaper in his hand, and was growling out dissatisfied comments upon its contents in an audible voice.

‘De Malglaive—that must be the young fellow whom one used to see from time to time when his mother was still living—I remember that somebody told me of his having joined this expedition. A pretty affair, *ma foi*! They are pleased to make light of it; but if such a disaster had befallen our troops under the Empire it would have been quite another story! What it is to live under a Government of *bourgeois* who think only of enriching themselves at the expense of the tax-payer!’

Madeline stood still, and her heart stood still also. She listened breathlessly for something further; but the old gentleman’s grunts and growls became unintelligible, and she had not the courage to ask him what had happened. Presently she hastened back towards the town and, on reaching the Basse Plante, met a newspaper-boy, from whom she purchased a copy of every journal that he had under his arm. These she carried to a bench which was screened by shrubs from the public gaze, and,

sitting down, was soon in possession of such meagre details as had come to hand respecting the annihilation of Colonel Davillier's column. The papers, being of diverse shades of political opinion, magnified or minimised the importance of the news according to their several ways of thinking; but that a serious reverse had been sustained was admitted by all, and in each case the concluding paragraph—the only one that interested Madeline—was identical:

'We have also to deplore the death of the Vicomte de Malglaive, a young officer of much promise, who fell while gallantly defending himself against a cloud of assailants.'

This, then, was the end; hope was extinguished finally and for ever! It is true that Madeline had long ago made up her mind to her inevitable fate; but she had not quite made up her mind to Raoul's. Besides, who knows how much he has secretly hoped until he is forced to despair?

The most crushing calamities fall upon us; we stagger for a moment under the blow, and then proceed on our way through life almost as if nothing had happened. Afterwards we are apt to wonder how it could have been possible to do this; but the truth is that it is seldom possible to do anything else. As a general rule, there is work to be done, duties, formalities which must be discharged, and are discharged—more or less mechanically. So Madeline went home to breakfast, and found her mother in the dining-room, dissolved in tears, with a newspaper before her.

'Oh, my child,' exclaimed the poor lady, 'what a misfortune! What a terrible—terrible misfortune!'

'You have heard, then?' said Madeline, vaguely wondering at her mother's excessive grief.

'I have just read about it. Is it not too horrible? It is enough to make one believe that we must be under a curse! Everything goes wrong with us—everything!'

'I did not think that you would care so much,' Madeline could not help saying. 'If Madame de Malglaive were not dead, I should understand your being unhappy on her account; but—after all, he was nothing to us.'

She spoke quite calmly, and was almost as much surprised at the numbness of feeling which enabled her to do so as she was at her mother's exaggerated distress. Lady Luttrell turned upon her with sudden indignation.

‘How can you talk like that!—have you no heart at all? Do you not know that it was you who sent him to that atrocious place, and that his death really lies at your door? If you have felt no remorse before, Madeline—and certainly you have shown none—I should have thought that you would be a little ashamed now!’

Madeline made no reply. What she felt was not to be expressed in words, nor could remorse be of the slightest avail. She stood like a statue and gave no sign of emotion, while her mother went on:

‘The cruel part of it is that I believe you really cared for the man as much as you are capable of caring for anybody! It was nothing but that wild rubbish which you learnt from Clarissa that made you refuse him. And now it is impossible for you to make any reparation: as impossible as it will be for me to—to cease regretting your obstinacy!’

Lady Luttrell had been upon the point of ending her sentence in quite another manner, and indeed she was spurred into saying what she had been going to say when her daughter answered quietly:

‘I could not have accepted him at the time that he asked me, and, as you say, reparation cannot be made now. Why should we go back to old disputes? I hoped that your tears were for him, not for the loss of his fortune—which you knew already that we had lost.’

‘Oh, I am sorry for him, God knows! Poor, dear fellow!—it is dreadful to think of his young life being cut short. But how can I help remembering also that his death may mean something like ruin to us?’

Hitherto she had said nothing to her daughter, save in general terms, about her financial straits; but now, being so disconsolate and so hopeless, she poured forth the whole story of the money advanced upon mortgage by Madame de Malglave and of her inability to pay the interest due to Raoul.

‘He was most kind about it,’ said she; ‘he promised to give instructions to M. Cayaux that I was not to be annoyed. But his death, of course, must change everything; we shall have a new creditor, who probably will show us no indulgence, and I am convinced that Cayaux will at once begin to press for payment. We may find ourselves turned out into the road from one moment to another!’

Such prompt and drastic measures were hardly likely to be resorted to either by Raoul's heirs or by their legal representative; but Lady Luttrell, who in truth knew very little about money, except that it was a necessary thing and that the sources from which she had always drawn it seemed to have run dry, was thoroughly scared. Perhaps, too, she derived some melancholy satisfaction from demonstrating thus convincingly to Madeline whose fault it was that the family had been reduced to beggary.

Little could be said to comfort her. Madeline was even more ignorant than her mother of the pains and penalties which debtors may be made to suffer, while the futility of confessing her own tardy sorrow and repentance was obvious. One thing, however—so she was presently informed—she could do, and that was to betray to nobody by word or sign how the personal misfortunes of the Luttrells had been augmented by this check to the arms of the French Republic.

'If that man Cayaux suspects that we are frightened, it will be the signal for him to swoop down upon us like a hawk!' Lady Luttrell declared.

For many days the poor lady remained in constant terror of being swooped down upon; for many days she refused to leave the house, feeling unfit to face the world, while her daughter went about as usual, with an aching heart and a composed countenance; and although the non-appearance of the lawyer became in the long run reassuring, she did not cease to tremble every time that she heard the door-bell until she was provided with a fresh cause of anxiety in the news of Netta's illness.

Her first impulse, on hearing of this new trouble, was to fly post-haste to Cadogan Gardens (where she would have been of no use and would have been very much in the way); but once more lack of the necessary funds confronted her and drew from her renewed lamentations. It was cruel!—it was monstrous! That her grandchild should be lying ill, possibly at the point of death, and that she should be compelled to remain at a distance for a reason so unheard of, so grotesque, as that she literally had not the wherewithal to defray the cost of a journey to England and back! Perhaps only those who have been rich and have suddenly become poor can realise the sensation of indignant impotence with which the widow of Sir Robert Luttrell contemplated an empty cash-box and an overdrawn banker's account. We all consider that we have a right to meat and drink, and indeed the State

admits as much; this unfortunate woman could not help thinking that she had a right to what she had always been taught to regard as the necessaries of life.

Nor did Clarissa's rather brief letters tend to lessen her uneasiness. Once she wrote to Guy, and received an answer couched in far more sanguine language than his wife had employed; but it was impossible to place much reliance upon Guy, who always expected things to turn out in accordance with his wishes. Meanwhile, dread of M. Cayaux dropped into the background, and his destined victim had almost given up expecting him when, one afternoon, she startled Madeline by rushing into the drawing-room, with blanched cheeks, and exclaiming:

'Here he comes! I have just seen him walking up the drive! *Mon Dieu!* what shall I say to the man? Would it be any use, I wonder, to order him out of the house? He was afraid of me—or he pretended to be—once upon a time.'

It would indeed have been a very timorous man who could have been afraid of poor Lady Luttrell at that moment, and M. Cayaux did not bear the reputation of being easily overawed; but despair gave place to astonishment, not unmixed with hope, when it was announced that the lawyer had called to request the favour of an interview with Mademoiselle, not with Madame.

Madeline hoped for nothing (because there was nothing left to hope for) when she stepped into the room where the sharp-eyed, grey-whiskered man of law was awaiting her; but she was conscious that her colour came and went under his keen scrutiny, and that his errand must be in some way connected with Raoul she could not doubt. He bowed low, and, after expressing a respectful hope that her mother was in the enjoyment of good health, handed her a sealed envelope.

'I have just received this,' he said, 'from the Governor of Senegambia, who forwarded it to me in obedience, it appears, to a last request on the part of my profoundly lamented client, the late Vicomte de Malglaive. As you see, mademoiselle, I have hastened to discharge personally the mission confided to me.'

Madeline took the letter, striving in vain to subdue the trembling of her fingers, thanked M. Cayaux, and hoped that he would soon go away. But he did not seem at all inclined to go. He began to talk about the unhappy affair in which M. de Malglaive had lost his life, about the treachery on the part of the native troops to which it was probably due, and the difficulty which the

authorities would find in explaining away a military expedition which appeared to have had no definite object; finally he asked permission to take a chair, remarking apologetically that he was no longer as young as he had once been.

'I ought not to detain you any longer, M. Cayaux,' said Madeline at last, not caring very much if she did offend the man, whose frequent glances at the unopened letter which she held betrayed his motives for abusing her patience.

'I beg pardon a thousand times, mademoiselle,' he returned, 'but if you would have the goodness to break the seal of that envelope and look at its contents before I leave, you would do me a real service. I find myself, to speak frankly, in a position of some difficulty. The instructions left to me by the Vicomte were far from precise, and amongst the papers forwarded from Sénégal there is no trace of—of—in short, of such a document as one might have expected to discover. It is just possible that his communication to you may contain something which will help me to decide upon the course that I ought to pursue.'

The request was indiscreet and unwelcome; but there was no valid excuse for a refusal. Madeline tore the envelope open and ran her eye over the letter addressed to her—too rapidly, indeed, to take in all that it had to say, yet with sufficient deliberation to warrant her in assuring M. Cayaux that it dealt with purely private and personal matters. 'There is nothing here that can interest or concern you in the least,' she remarked, as she folded up the sheet.

The lawyer raised his eyebrows, depressed the corners of his mouth, and said he was sorry to hear it. 'This,' he observed, 'forces upon me the painful conclusion that my late client died intestate and that his property must be divided amongst those whom the law constitutes his heirs. I had hoped, I confess, that a will might have been discovered amongst his papers; I am evidently not to blame if no such document exists.'

'Of course you are not to blame,' answered Madeline, irritated, without quite knowing why, by a certain subtle change of manner on the part of M. Cayaux. 'In any case, you can hardly have expected a will to be forwarded to me. Why should it be?'

'*Au fait*, that was hardly to be expected, mademoiselle, and I beg you to accept my excuses for having intruded upon you unnecessarily. You will understand, no doubt, that I was anxious to

miss no chance of making a discovery which would have saved me—and probably also others—some distress of mind.'

Madeline understood nothing, except that there was a veiled impertinence in the obsequiousness of this provincial attorney and that she was in an agony of impatience to get rid of him. As soon as he had bowed himself out she dismissed him from her memory and sat down to peruse the lines which her dead lover had penned, one hot night, in remote Saint-Louis de Sénégal.

The paper was thin, the ink had run and had already turned brown; the words read like the last confession of one who had long ago passed away from this troublesome world, with all its foolish complications and misunderstandings, its transient, irreparable miseries. The dead, we trust, are at peace, even if they do not wholly forget; but they retain, or rather acquire, the power to inflict the cruellest anguish upon the living. While Madeline read, and while her slow, useless tears splashed down upon the open sheet which she held, it seemed to her that she would almost rather have been forgotten altogether by Raoul than remembered in such a way and at such a time. He had not, it was evident, received the apology which she had sent to him at Madame de Castelmoron's instance; he had not known, and now he never would know, that she had repented of her arrogant, uncalled-for harshness; still less could he know the one thing which she would gladly have sacrificed the remainder of her life to be able to convey to his knowledge. It was all so heart-breaking!—it had all, from first to last, been so needless, so senseless, so meaningless! That was what pressed upon her most in her natural, human revolt against destiny. Of course she had been in the wrong; of course she should have disregarded anonymous missives and the irrelevant special pleading of Clarissa; of course she would have done more wisely to listen to the dictates of her own heart and her own instincts. But why, if there be indeed any overruling and pitying Deity who takes note of our follies and blunders, are we permitted to suffer so horribly for the comparatively venial offence of being what we are? What is the good of it?—to what does it lead?

From time immemorial such questions have been asked by despairing mortals; until the end of time they will continue to be asked, and never an answer has been or will be vouchsafed; though well-meaning people are ready enough with answers which some (when they are beginning to recover from their wounds) accept as

satisfactory. For others only resignation is possible, and resignation is a healing herb of slow growth.

Far indeed was Madeline's mother from stooping to cull that humble remedy when her nascent hopes were dashed to the ground by the account imparted to her of the lawyer's errand.

'A letter for you?—only a letter!' she cried, in dismay. 'And there was nothing about—about money matters in it, you say?'

Madeline raised her heavy eyes for a moment. 'Did you think, as M. Cayaux did; that a will had been sent to me, instead of to him?'

'*Bon Dieu!* how could I tell? When one is drowning one clutches at straws. He cannot have wished—he cannot have thought of what would happen to us in the absence of instructions! But now there is no hope—no escape! How we shall live I cannot imagine; but I suppose we shall have to seek shelter in some horrible *pension*. And who,' concluded the unhappy lady, throwing up her hands tragically, 'who, I ask you, will come to look for a wife in a *pension*!'

She burst into tears; she did not mean to be cruel or brutal; on the contrary, she had always meant to do her very best for those whom she loved. For the rest, great pains swallow up small ones, and perhaps the necessity of endeavouring to console her mother was a better thing for Madeline than brooding over her own incurable sorrow.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IL GRAN RIFIUTO.

It was a melancholy little company that met every morning in Cadogan Gardens while the weather grew warm and the days grew long and London extended its annual costly hospitality to fashionable and would-be fashionable folk. They cheered one another up with perfunctory sanguine assurances, those anxious watchers; but there was, as Guy remarked to the nurse, 'not quite hope enough amongst the lot of them to go round'; so the lion's share was retained by him. Neither the nurse nor the doctor did much towards augmenting that insufficient supply: the utmost they would say was that every twenty-four hours which elapsed without a return of the attack which had so nearly cost their patient her life were so much gained. They evidently did not expect the

child to recover; and Clarissa, who had been reassured for a moment by what she had taken for Divine intervention, lost heart once more.

Netta herself, meanwhile, seemed to be free from apprehensions, and, although she was not up to talking much, was cheerful enough when she did talk, which her father declared to be a good sign. Between them they represented the aggregate cheerfulness of the family; and Clarissa, seeing how happy, and even merry, they always were together, was too grateful to her husband to be jealous of an affection which he had perhaps done scarcely as much as she had to earn. 'Save my child!' was the one mute prayer which she addressed to Heaven and earth; like the mother before the judgment-seat of Solomon, she was ready to forego all that she was entitled to claim in consideration of a favourable reply to that petition. Nor had she any thought of unsaying what she had said, in her terror and anguish, to Guy. She was determined to keep to her word, even though she should fail to obtain the object of her self-sacrifice—and indeed she did not feel as if there would be any great difficulty in doing so; for if she had changed of late, so had he. His kindness and gentleness brought the tears into her eyes; the quiet, firm fashion in which he took command, ordering her to rest at certain stated times, forcing her to eat and drink, whether she wished it or not, and making her drive out for a couple of hours every afternoon, was not unwelcome to her. He seemed, without making any fuss about it, to have resumed his proper position, and in spite of all that she had preached in public and in private, she could not help recognising the comfort of having been relegated to hers. Nothing, to be sure, had been said about his domiciling himself in her house, nor had the faintest allusion been made by either of them to their reconciliation; but arrangements for the future might very well wait; she was all the more grateful to him for the delicacy which he displayed in that respect.

At length came a day, to be marked for ever in her memory with a white stone, when the doctor took her breath away by saying coolly, 'Well, Lady Luttrell, I think I am now justified in telling you that you may discard immediate anxiety. For the last week there has been a steady increase of strength, and as none of the alarming symptoms have reappeared——'

'Do you mean it?' interrupted Clarissa—'do you really mean that she will get well?'

'Oh, I quite hope so,' answered the doctor, smiling; 'I should have told you so before this, only it was better not to shout until we were out of the wood. Mind you, I don't say that we are altogether out of it yet; I don't say that you will not have to take very great care. But, humanly speaking, there is no reason why your daughter should not grow up into a strong, healthy woman and live to be ninety.'

Clarissa, who had just returned from her drive—that obligatory drive which was a daily penance to her—rushed excitedly upstairs and met her husband upon the landing. He generally left the house about that hour, and she was rejoiced to find that she was in time to intercept him.

'Oh, Guy!' she exclaimed, 'have you heard? Have you seen the doctor?'

She stretched out her arms involuntarily; but he drew back a step: perhaps he did not realise all that was implied in her mingled laughter and tears.

'Of course I have,' he answered, in the cool, good-humoured accents which had once been so exasperating to her (but his face was radiant, all the same); 'didn't I tell you from the first that it was going to be all right? You mustn't be in too great a hurry, though; it will be another fortnight at least before Netta will be fit to be moved to Switzerland, where the doctor thinks you ought to take her.'

Clarissa clasped her hands joyously. 'A fortnight is nothing!' she exclaimed. 'Is it possible that we shall be able to travel in a fortnight? How delightful it sounds! Did he mention any particular place? But you will find Switzerland dreadfully dull, won't you?'

Guy left the last question unanswered. As to the preceding one, he said that the doctor had spoken of the Lake of Geneva to begin with and the mountains later. 'And if it is fine to-morrow, Netta is to go out for a drive with you, I believe.' Then he glanced at his watch and, remarking that it was time for him to be off, suited the action to the word.

For some little time after that Clarissa was *aux anges*. She was too happy to think of anything but that Netta was unquestionably getting well, that she herself had most unexpectedly been set free from the horrible aching pain which had hitherto haunted her through interminable days and well-nigh sleepless nights, and that the gloom of the world had all of a sudden become replaced

by sunshine. But she ended by noticing a marked disposition on Guy's part to avoid chance encounters with her, as well as the total cessation of those comforting declarations by means of which he had latterly been wont to combat her despair, and as she felt a little shy of asking him what this might mean, she made a confidant of Paul, whom she saw constantly and whose renewed approbation she had reason to believe that she enjoyed.

'Does he imagine that I was not in earnest?' she asked. 'Has he taken it into his head that, because I am no longer frightened, I want to be off my bargain? Surely he cannot think so meanly of me as that!'

'I'm afraid I can't tell you what he thinks,' answered Paul; 'he hasn't spoken to me upon the subject. Wouldn't your best plan be to apply for information at head-quarters?'

'Perhaps it would; only he takes such pains to deny me any opportunity. I would much rather that you said a word or two to him, if you don't mind.'

The Reverend Paul undertook this mission with a light heart. The truth is that he prided himself not a little upon his ability to deal with human perversity, and he was inclined to claim more credit than was strictly his due for the circumstance that *Clarissa* had begun to attend week-day services at a neighbouring church. He was therefore somewhat taken aback when his brother, in answer to some opening observations of his, said tranquilly:

'My dear fellow, the thing can't be worked. It would be more comfortable for us all, of course, if it could, and I like her for sticking to a promise which, between you and me, she only made because she was in a blue funk at the time. But as for taking such a promise seriously—come, now, setting aside clerical prejudices about marriage being a sacrament and so forth, don't you think that a man who did that would be a little bit short of a gentleman? I couldn't do it even if she were poor. Considering that she is atrociously rich, and that *Haccombe* as good as belongs to her, I really must beg to be excused. We shall be better friends in future, I hope; we have had a rough time of it, both of us, during the last few weeks, and I dare say we have both made some excellent resolutions. But we aren't going to risk breaking them by becoming husband and wife again—no, thank you!'

Paul said what there was to be said and emphasised the obvious with much dialectic force. There had been faults on both sides; there was now, he trusted and believed, repentance on both sides.

Very well, then; nothing that he could see stood in the way of mutual forgiveness. The accident that Clarissa was a wealthy woman could not be accounted an obstacle by any reasonable being.

‘Set me down as an unreasonable being, if you like,’ said Guy composedly; ‘all I know is that I don’t mean to drive an unfortunate woman into a corner, even if she does happen to be my wife. It’s a simple affair enough, if you’ll just leave it as it stands. Clarissa has done a few things of late which I haven’t quite liked; I think she has burnt her fingers, and I don’t think she’ll do them any more. I have—well, you know about that, and I also intend to turn over a new leaf. But you mustn’t ask me to believe that she is really anxious to surrender her independence out of sheer affection for your humble servant.’

‘I do ask you to believe it, because it is the truth,’ Paul boldly asserted. ‘If you were not blinded by pride and obstinacy, you would recognise that it is the truth, and you would acknowledge that you are just as fond of her as she is of you.’

‘All right; anything you please. We are a pair of sighing lovers, if you choose to call us so; but that, unfortunately, won’t help us to hit it off together. Seriously, Paul, I couldn’t consent—even admitting, for the sake of argument, that she wanted me to consent. I can’t see things as she sees them; I can’t stand that Woman’s Rights business; I can’t behave with decent civility to her friends’——

‘But don’t you understand that she is sick of those silly men and women, who were never really her friends?’

‘For the moment, she may be; but I doubt whether she will ever be able to help sympathising with their ideas, and I am sure she would never be able to like the sort of people whom I like. No, no; let’s be satisfied with what we have got and be thankful that it’s no worse.’

A part of this conversation the discomfited Paul felt in duty bound to report to Clarissa, who was less displeased and less surprised than he had expected her to be.

‘I think there is a good deal of common sense in what Guy says,’ she remarked; ‘he is entitled to ask for proofs, and he ought to have them. Perhaps, after all that has passed, it will be better for us both to preserve our independence; but, for Netta’s sake, we should try to arrange something that will at least look like a reconciliation. Anyhow, I must do *my* share.’

Although she spoke with outward composure, she was deeply mortified at heart. It had not occurred to her as probable that her husband would courteously wave aside the tendered olive-branch; she was conscious of having behaved with some generosity, and had supposed that he would be willing enough to meet her halfway. But, after all, why should he? Seeing that he had long ago ceased to love her, there was really no inducement for him to do so, save that of sharing and controlling her fortune; and if, in days gone by, he had sometimes been careless and extravagant, he had never, to do him justice, shown anything resembling greed in money matters. Nevertheless, that ostensible reconciliation ought, if possible, to be contrived, and her duty, as she had said, was to do what in her lay towards bringing it about. In pursuance of that commendable resolution—and partly, no doubt, because she resembled the majority of her sex in thinking that the more disagreeable a particular course was to her the more likely she was to discharge her duty by adopting it—she had herself driven, that same evening, to a certain Ladies' Club to which she belonged, and where, as she had been duly informed by a printed notice, a discussion was about to be held respecting divers burning questions. She had often taken part in such discussions, and she had made up her mind to take part in this one, much though she dreaded and disliked the prospect.

And when she entered the familiar room, which happened to be unusually crowded that evening, it did not make her at all more comfortable to descry, amongst other salient objects, the aggressive nose of Mrs. Antrobus. Mrs. Antrobus, of course, was present as a guest (for on these occasions members were permitted and requested to bring possible converts with them), and that her immediate conversion was not a thing to be anticipated was shown by the extreme aggressiveness of the feature alluded to. She at once recognised the new-comer and beckoned imperatively to her; but Clarissa preferred to ignore this signal, and, as a formidable-looking lady in spectacles and a stick-up collar was just then addressing the meeting upon the question of religious education for the young, it was easy to sink down quietly into a chair on the opposite side of the room.

The spectacled lady was talking with great fluency and volubility; but since it appeared that, according to her, the young were to have no religious education at all, an impatient hearer might have thought that some saving of time would have been

effected by her simply saying as much. Clarissa, however, was not impatient; she herself had something to say, and she was not sorry to be granted a little leisure in which to rehearse the heads of her forthcoming deliverance.

When the speaker had resumed her seat several ladies rose simultaneously; but the general voice was evidently in favour of Lady Luttrell, who was, therefore, called upon, and who was greeted with prolonged, sympathetic applause. Clarissa's friends were aware of the domestic affliction and anxiety which had prevented her from joining their gatherings for some time past, and—being, in spite of all, women—they seized that occasion of conveying their congratulations to her.

As soon as their kindly demonstration had subsided and had been gravely acknowledged, she embarked in a clear voice upon the statement which she had to make. She did not expect, she said, to carry her audience with her; a complete change of views on the part of one of the leaders of a movement never could be, and perhaps never ought to be, acceptable to any audience. At the same time, one owed it to one's self, if not to others, to be honest, and she felt she had no alternative but to confess publicly that she had altered her opinion with regard to religious and other questions. The reasons which she adduced for having altered her opinion were not, it must be owned, very conclusive, nor was her discourse by any means as eloquent as previous discourses which had brought her renown; but it had at least the merit of being unambiguous, and an occasional loud 'Hear, hear!' from Mrs. Antrobus broke the silence which she might otherwise have found a little chilling.

'I still believe,' she declared, 'that we have done some good; I still believe that it was right and necessary to call attention to the unfair treatment which for so many generations has been considered good enough for women, and I still believe that unmarried women ought to be as independent as it is possible for them to be. But I have come to see that, in the case of married women, independence is both impossible and undesirable. There cannot be two masters in one house; other things being equal, the husband is better qualified to assume authority than the wife; and when there are children a woman is sure, I think, to be unhappy, and almost sure to be wrong, if she demands release from the vows that she has taken. Nothing compels us to marry; but it seems

to me that, if we do marry, we had better accept any consequences that may follow.'

Lady Kettering, who occupied the chair, here remarked that she was unwilling to interrupt, but that she really could not quite see what all this had to do with the subject upon the paper. Clarissa replied that her speech was in the nature of a personal explanation, and begged permission to finish it; whereupon a brief debate ensued on the point of order. Finally, in deference to the evident wish of the majority (who may have thought that personal explanations are apt to be better fun than theoretical lectures), it was decided that Lady Luttrell should be heard; and Lady Luttrell accordingly proceeded with her recantation, which was a tolerably complete one. Perhaps some of Clarissa's hearers were a little disappointed; for she did not gratify them with any revelations bearing upon her own domestic history. But she stated in so many words that she had become a convert to Christianity because experience had taught her that she could not get on without it, and she added that she was now ashamed of having advocated the dissolution at will of a tie which Christianity had emphatically pronounced to be indissoluble. In conclusion, she begged to say that if her sentiments were held to be incompatible with those professed by the club as a body, she would at once resign her membership.

'Best thing you can do, my dear!' called out the decisive voice of Mrs. Antrobus. 'I'm all for women getting their own way in matters which fall within their own province, and they always have got it when they haven't been fools. But, bless your soul! they'll only lose that and gain nothing in its place by putting on baggy breeches and cutting their hair short, like certain old idiots whom I could name.'

Lady Kettering, who was especially identified with a movement in favour of improved feminine costume, dealt promptly and sternly with this discourteous interrupter. It must be distinctly understood, she said, that visitors were only admitted on sufferance to that meeting; they had no *locus standi*, and could not be permitted to take part in any discussion that might arise. She then expressed some regret that Lady Luttrell should have selected that occasion for proclaiming a change of front with which the actual proceedings were but indirectly concerned, and hastened to call upon the next speaker.

The next speaker, poor thing! did not obtain the attention

which she doubtless merited, and was fain to expend the flowers of her oratory upon sparsely filled benches. For Clarissa, who had already left the room, had been followed by a host of bewildered disciples who, naturally enough, were eager to be informed whither their former teacher now proposed to lead them. She could only reply that she no longer proposed to lead anybody anywhere. She was no better than a deserter, she confessed, and who ever thinks of applying to deserters for guidance?

'I had to say what I said just now; for private reasons I was obliged to say it. But it isn't a matter for argument; I may be quite wrong, and the rest of you may be quite right.'

Mrs. Antrobus was loudly of opinion that those who differed from Lady Luttrell were a pack of silly and ignorant geese, but that there was no need to be distressed about them, because they would certainly come to their senses as soon as they found men courageous enough to marry them.

'I am glad I let myself be persuaded to come here this evening,' she added; 'it has been an amusing experience, and it has set my mind at ease about your husband. My mind wasn't quite at ease about him the last time we met, if you remember; but I take it that, after the fright you and he have had, you will trot along quietly, side by side, now for the rest of your days, like decent people. And how is the small girl? Getting strong enough to knock her parents' heads together, I hope.'

Clarissa was glad to be able to give an excellent report of her daughter. She neither affirmed nor denied that she and her husband had buried the hatchet; but to herself she vowed that Guy should hear how she had done penance in a metaphorical white sheet. It was a part of her penance that that information should be conveyed to him, and if (as most likely he would) he misunderstood her motives, the penance would be the more complete. Even the support of the redoubtable Mrs. Antrobus could not save her from the half-compassionate, half-incredulous comments of ladies who were not all of them spinsters and who thought that her action had been, to say the least of it, uncalled for; but she made her escape at last and returned home, with the consolatory consciousness of having left an accomplished and most distasteful task behind her.

In the drawing-room she found her uncle, who had taken Cadogan Gardens on his way back from the House of Commons—

a habit which had become frequent with him during Netta's illness—and who remarked :

'This looks like restored confidence. I didn't know that you had begun to go out into the world again. Is it permitted to ask what social function you have been attending to-night ?'

'I haven't been attending any function,' answered Clarissa, throwing off her cloak and seating herself rather despondently in a low chair; 'I have been to a meeting.'

'Dear me!—a mothers' meeting ?'

'No, not a mothers' meeting. There were some mothers present; but I don't think their children can ever have had scarlet fever. Oh, Uncle Tom, if you knew what a fool I have been looking!'

'By making a vigorous demand upon my imaginative faculties, I can conceive the possibility of your having looked a fool, my dear,' answered Mr. Dent. 'Of course that is not the same thing as having been one.'

'Not necessarily,' agreed Clarissa in somewhat dubious accents. 'At any rate, I have done what I made up my mind to do; and I want you, please, to tell Guy.'

'May I suggest, as an amendment, that you should tell him yourself?'

Clarissa shook her head. 'I can't do that. He would only laugh, and it is so hateful to be laughed at when—when'——

'When one has deserved it? Well, I won't laugh; the comic side of things doesn't strike me as forcibly as it did once upon a time. Now let us hear what you have been about.'

CHAPTER XLIV.

MR. DENT OBTAINS THE REWARD OF PATIENCE.

'I DARE SAY,' began Clarissa, with a faint sigh, 'you have quite forgotten my telling you, on the evening of my return from Ceylon, that in my opinion the only thing to be done after a mistake has been made is to acknowledge it and try to undo it. Well, I am of the same mind still as to that, though I have changed my mind in other ways; so, as it seemed to me that I had been leading people astray, I thought I ought to go down to the club and make a sort of public recantation.'

'Well done you!' cried Mr. Dent. 'And what happened? Did they throw things at you?'

'Not exactly,' answered Clarissa, with a short, involuntary laugh; 'that is, they didn't throw material objects. But of course they despised me, and of course they were rather disgusted with me.'

'That was the least that could have been expected of them. Well, I suppose you don't particularly care.'

'I can't pretend not to care at all. I was in earnest, you see, when I preached the doctrines that they have taken up; and there is so much to be said in favour of those doctrines, whereas I could say nothing intelligible in explanation of my surrender. I find that I haven't the courage of my opinions—that is the long and the short of it, perhaps.'

'I have taken a tolerably active part in political life from my youth up,' remarked Mr. Dent, 'and it has more than once been my privilege to see leaders on both sides of the House swallowing their former utterances. The spectacle isn't an altogether edifying one; still one tries to give them credit for being honest men, and often, I believe, they really are honest. Only it stands to reason that every time they act in that way they will be accused by the world at large of a mere desire to catch votes. The world at large is far too knowing to place faith in any other motive than self-interest; and by the time that you have reached my age, my dear, you will probably have discovered that what the world at large thinks or says is of singularly small importance. Let us take the lowest view of your conduct and say that you have ceased to advocate female emancipation because you want to be happy, and because it has dawned upon you that you will never be happy apart from your husband. It seems to me that such an accusation as that need not interfere with your sleep or your appetite.'

Clarissa shook her head. 'You say that you give public men credit for being honest,' she returned; 'but I know quite well that you have never given me credit for being serious, and that you don't now.'

'Oh, excuse me; all I was venturing to anticipate was the verdict of stupid and ill-informed persons. I myself, of course, fully understand that this concession of yours must be regarded merely as a sort of generous sacrifice to Æsculapius, and that your happiness cannot in any way depend upon the companionship of such a good-for-nothing fellow as Guy.'

'Don't laugh at me,' pleaded Clarissa, with tears in her eyes;

you promised not to laugh at me! I want you to tell Guy what I have done, because I think he ought to know, and because'——

'Yes?' said Mr. Dent, after waiting a moment in vain for her to conclude her sentence.

'Well, because I did fancy, a short time ago, that it might be possible for us to make a fresh start and live together once more. But he doesn't wish that; he doesn't think that we could ever get on now—and very likely he is right. Still I was anxious to prove to him that I was at least willing to give up what he dislikes so much.'

'I see, and I shall be happy to undertake the mission. You have no further instructions to give me?'

'Well, of course there is that horrid money question. If only he could be persuaded to do what I have wanted him to do all along and take his fair share of the income which ought to belong to us both!'

'Ah, I think you had better settle that between you. You are to be friends in future, I take it, and you are to meet pretty often, although you are to have separate establishments.'

'Yes, I do hope so. And, Uncle Tom, you won't lead him to imagine'——

'Oh, dear, no! How could you think such a thing of me? I am merely authorised to point out to him that you have now made every sacrifice that could reasonably be demanded of you and that your separation is henceforth quite as much a matter of his choice as of yours. He is a sensible man, if he isn't a good husband, and I am sure he will acknowledge that.'

'I am afraid,' observed Clarissa hesitatingly, as she accompanied her uncle to the door, 'that you do not think me a very sensible woman.'

'Shall I?' said Mr. Dent. 'Yes, I really think I will give myself that little satisfaction, considering how long and patiently I have waited for it. No, my dear, it does *not* strike me that common sense has hitherto been your distinguishing characteristic. But it is only fair to add that you show signs of amendment. Good-night.'

He trotted briskly downstairs and, as soon as he was out in the street, astonished the loitering policeman by bursting into a peal of laughter. 'Heaven be praised!' he muttered, 'there is now every prospect of my getting that infernal property off my hands.'

It was not until late the following afternoon that Clarissa, on her return from a drive round the park with Netta, was informed by her butler—a well-trained servant, who never permitted his emotions to be legible upon his rubicund countenance—that Sir Guy was waiting for her in the drawing-room. The butler, no doubt, knew all that there was to know respecting the relations between his mistress and the gentleman who was not unlikely to be his future master; but he maintained an air of blank unconsciousness and only betrayed his suspicion that a crisis was at hand by surreptitiously plucking at Netta's sleeve.

'You come along with me, miss,' he whispered, 'and I'll show you that there wonderful musical box I was tellin' you of. I think your par and your mar wants to talk business—which you didn't ought to interrupt 'em till you're sent for.'

Clarissa, without noticing the discreet disappearance of her daughter or the promptitude with which the drawing-room door was closed behind her, stepped quickly forward to greet Guy, whose face had an eager, embarrassed expression.

'Have you seen Uncle Tom?' she asked.

Guy nodded. 'Yes; the old fellow wired for me this morning, and I have been having a talk with him. I can't quite believe all that he says; but he has convinced me, anyhow, that I ought to beg your pardon.'

'For what?' Clarissa inquired.

'Well, for a lot of things, I'm afraid. At least I owe you thanks, as well as apologies, it seems; for he told me what you had done last night, and I know you must have done that a good deal against the grain, in deference to my wishes. It was awfully good of you, you know.'

'I am not sure,' answered Clarissa, 'that I did it altogether in deference to your wishes. I did want you to understand that your wishes counted for something with me and that I had not forgotten the promise I made to you; but under any circumstances I should have had to confess that I had abandoned my old notions. I don't think now that they were notions which any woman would be the happier for adopting.'

'Nor do I, to tell you the truth,' said Guy; 'still I don't wonder at your having adopted them. You had great provocation.'

There was an interval of silence; after which he resumed: 'Now, Clarissa, I have something to say to you, and—and I'll be

hanged if I know how to say it in the right way! But you'll make allowances for a man who is honestly trying to do the straight thing. You yourself are trying to do the straight thing, I know, and I don't doubt for a moment that you would take me back and forgive everything, if I asked you. What I can't get your uncle to understand, but what I hope you will understand, is that I couldn't possibly ask for or accept such a sacrifice. There isn't the least reason why we shouldn't be friends—indeed, we are quite sure to be friends, I think, now that we are not likely to differ about Netta's education—but there are insurmountable reasons against my inflicting myself upon you a second time. I needn't mention them all; because one is enough. I am not the man that you took me for when you married me, and I am not the sort of man whom you would choose for your husband, if you were free to choose. Now, isn't that so? You won't hurt my feelings by answering truly.'

Clarissa surprised him a little by replying, with some appearance of resentment, 'I don't call it "doing the straight thing" to throw the whole responsibility and the whole blame upon me. Surely, if you wanted to be quite honest, you would admit that you have been as much disappointed in me as I can have been in you, and that you would a great deal rather be my friend than my husband.'

'But I'm afraid,' he observed, 'I couldn't honestly say that you have disappointed me of late—except in an agreeable way. As for blame and responsibility, I'm willing to take the whole of that, if my taking it will make you feel more comfortable; though I don't know who has the right to put us upon our defence.'

'Oh, your mother, for one, and Uncle Tom, for another, and—and Netta, perhaps, some fine day. I think it ought to be clearly understood that, if our separation is to be final, you, and not I, have decided to make it so. And I think, too, that it will be rather ungenerous of you if you persist in refusing to take your share of my money and my expectations. You would feel as I do if you were situated as I am.'

Guy smiled and shook his head. 'For that matter,' said he, 'I suspect that you would feel as I do if you were situated as I am. It's a pity that there should be this complication about money; but really it can't be helped, and, as far as Netta is concerned, I can't see that it will matter very much whether I am a rich man or a poor one. I'm sure I don't want to be ungenerous; but you

must be aware that I should lose what little self-respect remains to me by living apart from you and going shares in your income. Living with you as your husband would be another thing; but that, of course, is an impossibility.'

'Why is it an impossibility?' asked Clarissa boldly, after a moment of hesitation.

'Well, for the reason that I gave you just now. We married because we were in love with each other, didn't we? That wasn't a bad reason, as reasons go; but you were only a girl at the time, and you couldn't go on being in love with a man in whom you found that you had been totally mistaken. You won't, I am sure, pretend that you have any love for me now; so'——

'Nor can you pretend that you have any love for me,' interrupted Clarissa.

'That isn't the question.'

'But it *is* the question!' Clarissa declared vehemently. 'Why should not the truth be told, now that I have no pride nor any belief in myself left? I have been in the wrong, and I have acknowledged it; but I should never have done what I have done if you had not shown me that you had ceased to care for me. It was because of that, and only because of that'——

Her voice broke; the tears which she was unable to restrain rolled down her cheeks; she had, as she mentally avowed with profound mortification, made a complete fool of herself and had said more than she had ever meant to say. Yet it is certain that, five minutes later, she would not for the world have recalled her words; for within that comparatively brief space of time she had become happily convinced that her husband, whatever his past aberrations might have been, loved her still, and more than that she neither asked nor cared to know.

'No, I don't want to hear about it,' she said, when Guy embarked upon a remorseful statement respecting his flirtations with Mrs. Durand and other ladies out in Ceylon; 'that is over and done with, and I don't suppose it would have happened at all if I had known as much then as I do now. Anyhow, it won't happen again.'

'Well, no,' answered Guy, with a sigh, 'I think I may safely promise you, my dear, that it won't happen again. Perhaps I also know a bit more now than I did then, and though I shall never be worth much, I do believe I shall be a better husband in future than I had it in me to be in those days.'

'With all your faults, you will be the husband that I chose, and the only husband that I ever could have chosen,' was Clarissa's satisfactory rejoinder. 'It is almost a comfort to think of all the worry and vexation that I have brought upon you; because now you won't feel bound to thank me for forgiving you.'

However, his method of thanking her was not so objectionable but that she submitted to it cheerfully enough for the next half-hour, nor was it unpleasant to him to hear, in return, that she had lost faith in the ability of women to stand alone. One does not abandon one's cherished convictions without a pang; but, after all, the condition of this world and its denizens, if not ideal, is perhaps inevitable, and may even be the best that can be attained, considering what our physical and mental limitations are. At any rate, there are moments when it is not unnatural to adopt that optimistic view.

Mr. Dent, who looked in late that evening to be gratified with the intelligence which he had fully anticipated, was a little provoking. He was told that he was provoking, and replied that he believed he had earned the right to be so.

'Haven't I kept my temper for months and months, like an angel in the skin of an elderly banker, notwithstanding all your efforts to provoke me into losing it?' he asked. 'You really must not grudge me the privilege of pointing out to you now what comes of taking the bit between your teeth. Moreover, I don't care if you do grudge it; for I have, in a certain sense, drawn your teeth by handing over Haccombe Luttrell to Guy, as your marriage portion. I have handed the place over to *him*, you will observe, not to you.'

'And has he accepted it?' inquired Clarissa eagerly.

'I am thankful to say that he has. He is a queer fellow when it comes to the transaction of matters of business, and I doubt whether he has even an elementary comprehension of the value of money; but at least he has common sense enough to agree with me that control over a landed estate should always, if possible, be kept out of female hands. So when you take up your residence at Haccombe, my dear, you will go to your husband's house.'

It may be hoped that Mr. Dent enjoyed being hugged and kissed on both cheeks: it will be admitted that he deserved some reward for having bided his time so patiently.

(To be concluded.)

